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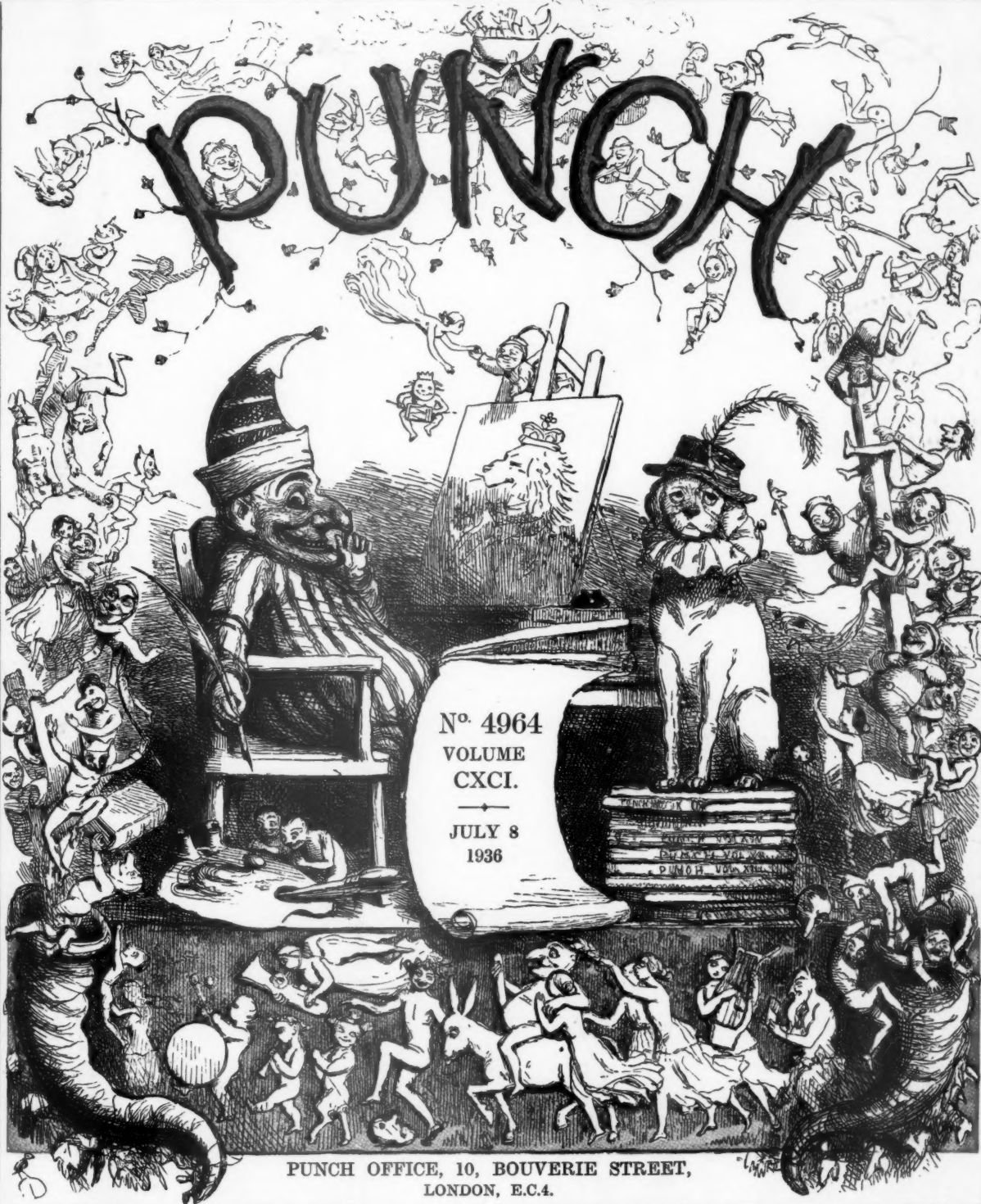
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MRS. AMY MOLLISON *always uses* **K.L.G** *plugs*



A SCHWEPPIC VICTORY IN "MIXED DOUBLES"

By our Special Tennis Correspondent

IN the final round of the men's doubles, S.Oda was most prominent and time after time won the full-throated approval of the crowd. He made great use of a fast service (perfect 'fizzers'), was sparkling at close quarters and, keeping very cool, effected some wonderful recoveries from most awkward situations. Later in the evening S.Oda was engaged in a stiff round of Mixed Doubles and, despite one bad smash, he spurted well at the crucial moment and got his partner safely home at 12-10.



Schweppes

The colder you drink it, the better.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

July 8

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Charivaria.

"THE man who is swayed this way and that doesn't know where he is going," says a politician. Especially when the train stops with a jerk.

★ ★ ★

An adult elephant can carry three tons on his back for a long journey. This is in addition to his own personal luggage in advance.

★ ★ ★

"University men sometimes come up to London with the idea of teaching their employers how to run their business." It can at least be said that they are generally fired with enthusiasm.

★ ★ ★

A famous film star recently dined in a London restaurant completely unrecognised by the other diners. She must realise that we all have these little set-backs, but it doesn't do to be discouraged by them.

★ ★ ★

A lark will rise to a height of six thousand feet, says a writer. It seems a remarkable thing to do for a lark—that is to say, for another lark.



If all the stones thrown into the sea yearly were to be placed in a huge pile, someone would be certain to start throwing them into the sea again.

★ ★ ★

"I want to find my long-lost relatives," writes a Colonial. "How can I do it?" Perhaps the simplest method is to win a prize in the Irish Sweep.

★ ★ ★

"What a lot of hiking jokes there are about just now!" comments a gossip-writer. Many of them wouldn't be if only they didn't wear khaki shorts.

★ ★ ★

An American collector of clocks, who had over a thousand timepieces, died some time ago. But they still go on winding up his estate.

★ ★ ★

Somebody asks what causes blushing. There was a time when we just couldn't say what

causes blushing without blushing ourselves. Nowadays we just couldn't say.

★ ★ ★

The president of a nudist colony in Maine, U.S.A., arrested for breaking into a bank, has been discharged. Try as they might, the police couldn't pin a thing on him.

★ ★ ★

Bagpipes resembling the Scottish instrument, we are reminded, have been played in the Balkans for ages. McEdonia stern and wild.

★ ★ ★

An American film actress recently married a man for the second time. Fortunately the mistake can be speedily rectified.



A rich reward, we are told, awaits anyone who can find out some means of extracting printing-ink from newspaper. In our opinion, no reward could be too great, provided of course that the extraction is done early enough.

★ ★ ★

A Hollywood film producer has gone to Spain in search of a new plot for a film. No doubt he hopes to recognise it, if he finds it, by its likeness to the old one.

★ ★ ★

According to a novelist, to live in the heart of the country one should have a soul. On the other hand, a car starts more easily and doesn't require so much tinkering.

★ ★ ★

A daily paper points out that at this time of year fine weather comes in cycles. The other sort of course comes in plain vans, delivered to your door.

★ ★ ★

Before a recent all-in wrestling tournament it was announced that all proceeds would go to the local hospital. Such was the success of the entertainment that they filled an entire ward.

★ ★ ★

The only chance for a musician to be original, says a writer, is to spend many years of his life on a desert island. We are only too delighted to give this statement the publicity it most emphatically deserves.



The Soft Answer.

["Italy views the work she has undertaken in Ethiopia as a sacred mission of civilization . . . and the Italian Government declare themselves ready to give once more their willing and practical co-operation to the League of Nations in order to achieve a settlement of the grave problems upon which rests the future of Europe and of the world."—*From the Italian Foreign Minister's Note to the President of the League Assembly.*]

OUR aim was mild and gracious,
We dropped from heaven above
Our gift to the rapacious
And taught them ways of love.
Their rude resistance shattered,
They warmly grasp the hand
Of those who ploughed and scattered
The good seed on the land.

Not dreamers nor Utopian,
We soon expect to see
The swart-skinned Ethiopian
As white-souled as are we;
And if the unwary scholar
Continues to be crass
In education's collar
We mean to give him gas.

The war was one (like others)
To end all wars and show
How conquest soothes and smothers
Ill-feeling in the foe.
Oblivion vast and speedy
Must follow strife and pain,
For the robber is not greedy
When he has robbed the slain.

So to the Council Chamber,
Where we shall never cease
To help all those who clamber
The arduous slopes of Peace;
On hot-heads where they muster
On firebrands when they speak
Our saint-like filibuster
Shall turn his cooler cheek.

EVOL.

Lovebirds to You!

I CAME back to tea one afternoon and found them in a cage on the nursery window-sill. They were a pair of little budgerigars—love-birds to you!—one blue and one green, and they sat solemnly side by side on the perch, passing remarks about my appearance in an undertone. Occasionally one chuckled offensively.

Exactly what prompted my wife to get them I was never really able to find out. All she told me was that they'd be company for the children when the nurse was out, or company for the nurse when the children were out—I forget which. Anyway, there they were, and they'd obviously come to stay. Mr. Budge, the blue one, was the male, and Mrs. Toddy, the green one, the lady in the case.

Personally I found them extremely uninteresting; they did nothing but sit and gossip on a first-floor perch during the daylight hours, with a little wing- and beak-work thrown in for exercise, and at night-time they went up to an attic perch and blinked till someone put a cover over the cage, and called it a day.

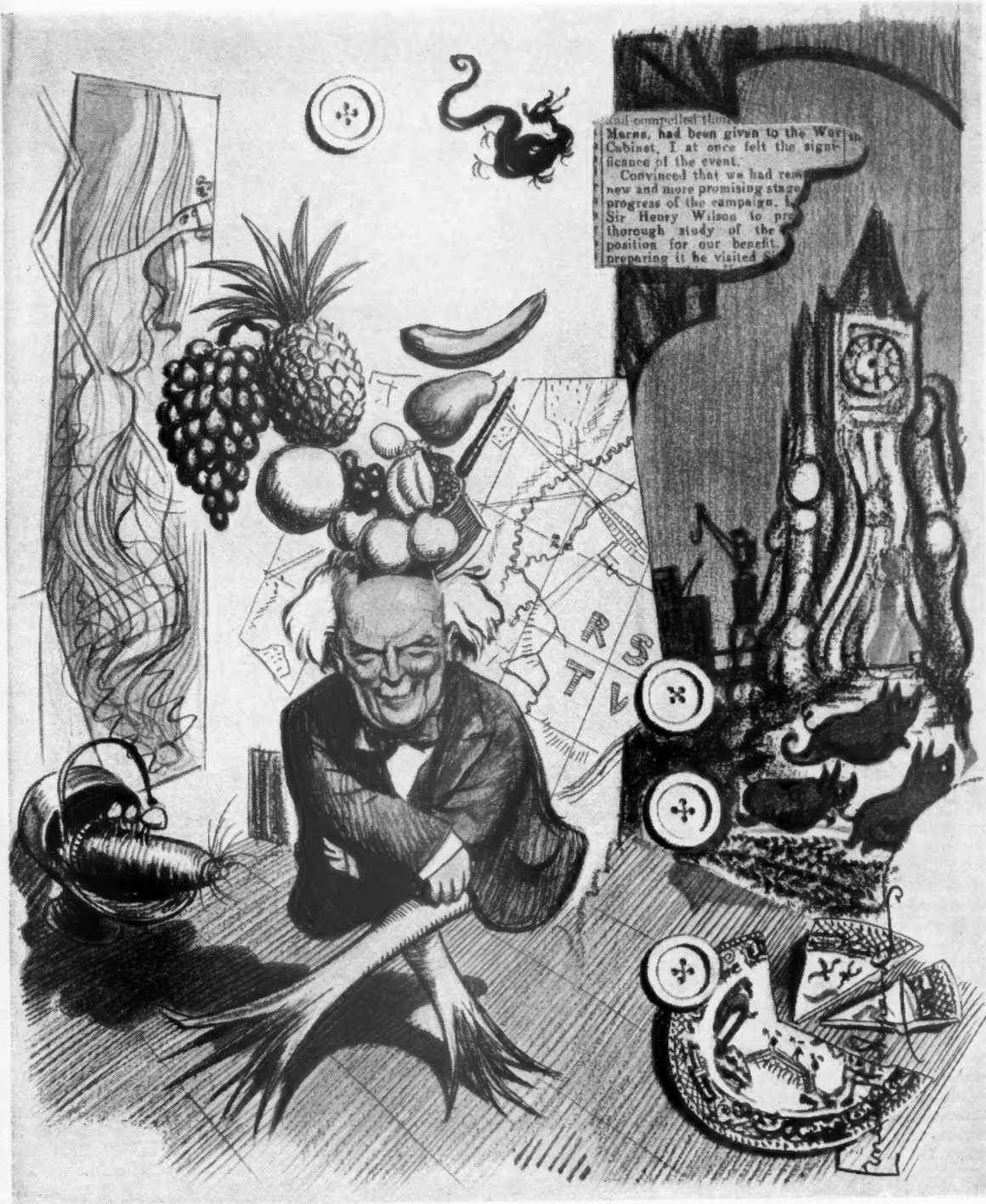
Then I met a friend—a sort of love-bird fancier in his

spare time—who said, "Why not run a small outdoor aviary? I'll let you have another pair or so from mine as a start." So I rounded up all the wood, tin, wire-netting, cement, bricks and perches I could lay my hands on, built a fine, almost professional, aviary—which, however, the unappreciative members of my family called "Heath Robinson Hall"—and declared myself in the market for budgerigars. As promised, my friend generously supplied me with two young pairs from his season's hatch. He said he hoped they were correctly paired on the lines laid down by NOAH, but when they were very young it was difficult to tell the sex. I asked guardedly how this was done. I had of course been put wise about Budge and Toddy, and as they were different colours I never had any subsequent difficulty; but the four birds he had given me were all green.

Well, it seems that just on the top of a budgerigar's nose there is a pronounced bulge—the sort of thing that in humans would bring a chap well to the fore in either the City or a race to get out of Germany. This bulge, by the time budgerigars grow up and leave school, turns from a nondescript brownish hue into either blue for little boys or definitely quite brown for little girls. Armed with this inside information I took away my four and loosed them into "Heath Robinson Hall," where my original Budge and Toddy were already setting up house in the bewildered manner of those who have moved suddenly from a small flat into a large country mansion. For about two days the air was full of recrimination, bad language and a good deal of sneering comment on the lines of, "Golly, look what's blown in!" till finally they settled down to communal life.

Now, as one responsible for a good deal of Budge's career, I feel a little ashamed about what almost immediately happened. The villainous Budge suddenly threw over Toddy, his apparently adored life-partner, and made a bee-line for the dizziest blonde in the new outfit. Nothing I could say—come to that, nothing Toddy could say, and couldn't she say plenty!—had the slightest effect; he ran a line on Blondie in the most barefaced manner. Cuddling up on the same perch, supplying orchestral accompaniment while she ate, nuzzling her cheek with his beak, in fact performing each little love-bird trick he had once reserved for his lawful wife—and all as though he had never seen or heard of poor Toddy in his life. She, poor thing, after a valiant attempt to regain his affections, which ended in a free-for-all, gave the thing up and sat about dejectedly, occasionally making vituperative comments about brazen-faced hussies when the flaunting Blondie went by, and occasionally—with a morbid satisfaction—managing to paste Budge a good one if he accidentally got within range. But mostly she just sat alone and brooded on the Man who had Done 'er Wrong, and this eventually called a new factor to my attention.

I had of course been hoping that the odd man of the remaining trio would fall for Toddy's more mature charms—would, in short, discover that what he really needed in life was not just a mere chit of a girl but a Woman Who Understood; but it turned out after a week that there was a grave hitch. For the third female of the bunch had been, it seemed, an error on my friend's part. The bulge on her nose which had been supposed to be maturely and femininely brown turned out to have been only still youthfully so. It now slowly began to develop the bluish tinge of the male. Instead of one happy pair, plus one potential boy-friend for Toddy, I found I had three lads-about-town who weren't interested in girls at all. At least, not in either of



PORTRAIT OF AN ELDER STATESMAN.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S HALF-HEARTED COMPLIMENTS TO THE SURREALIST SCHOOL.



"YE CAN'T GO WRONG WITH ONE O' THIS SHAPE, MRS. BRIGGS—IT'S THE LATEST FRA' LUNNON."

the girls of "Heath Robinson Hall"; for Blondie was too well protected by Budge, and Toddy was becoming increasingly shrewish and unattractive. So the three of them, apparently, far and away preferred to sit in the smoking-room end of the aviary and swap risky stories, occasionally strolling down to the local for a quick one.

This situation, which went on for a week, began to worry me—more particularly as you must remember the protagonists were love-birds; and love-birds (so-called, *vide* the dictionary, from their attachment to each other) are popularly supposed never to exist singly, to mate for life, and to die if their partner dies. All wrong somewhere! However, everything has resolved itself in a peculiar way.

I presented the aviary with a spray of millet-seed at a time when only one bird, the biggest of the three musketeers, happened to be outside and so got first go. Now whether millet acts on love-birds like a double whisky on an Irishman I don't know, but the fact remains that, after choking back several quick snorts, Charley, as I'll call him, went off and kissed Blondie. Budge at once squared up, telling him to get to hell out of it; but to my astonishment Charley definitely refused to go, and even snatched another kiss. There was at once a grand fight and the result was that Charley, no doubt flown with millet, beat the tar out of poor Budge and appropriated the prize himself. Within five minutes he and the fickle Blondie were sitting side by

side doing beak-cheek work as if they'd been engaged for months.

Budge took a mournful look round the cage and tried to edge in on the two smoking-room boys. They promptly joined forces and threw him out on his ear. He collected himself in a corner for a bit and finally made a swaggering return to Toddy, trying to look as if he had merely been kept late at the office. This got him into his third fight of the day, and at the end of it he was sitting despondently at Toddy's side, the most penitent and hen-love-bird-pecked husband you ever saw.

There was now only one thing lacking, and, believe it or not, it happened. Whether love-birds change their sex like chickens do or whether I was not very experienced, I don't know, but the originally doubtful one of the smoking-room pair seemed to make up his—well, her, mind at last and her bluish nose went finally brown and has stayed brown! My own theory is that it may only have been temporarily blue with cold—but there it is. Peace reigns in "Heath Robinson Hall"—at least such peace as can be obtained in any house inhabited by three married couples.

A. A.

"COW WHICH GAVE THIN MILK."
CASE DISMISSED AT WYMONDHAM."

Local Paper.

Presumably her first offence.

Alas, Poor Bracewell!

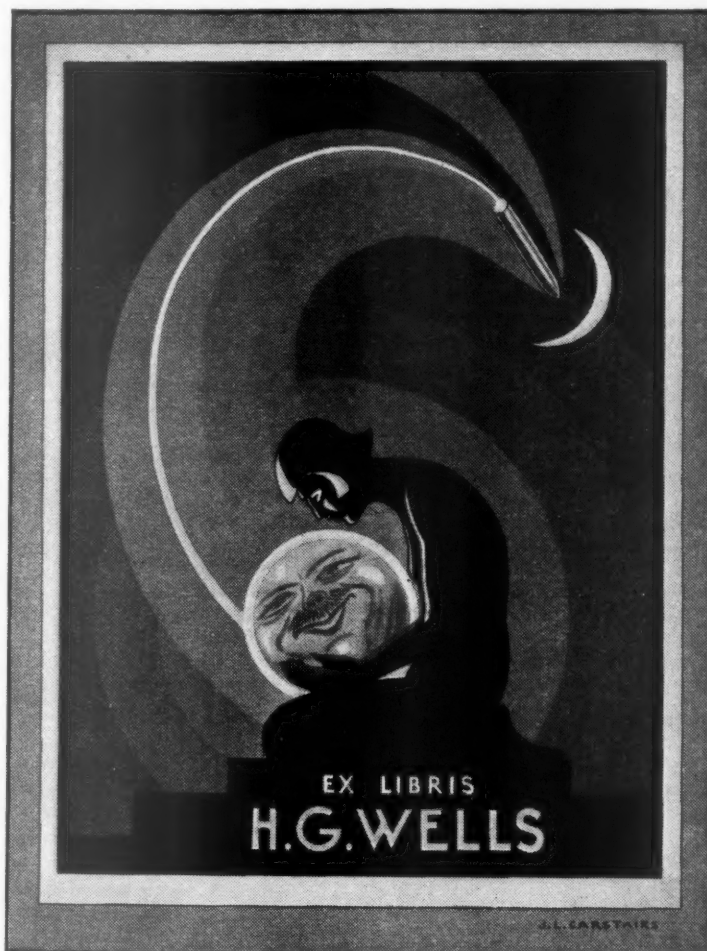
I HAVE just heard of the death of my friend Bracewell, and the news brings thoughts of the many happy hours we have spent together. Curiously enough the last time we met was only yesterday, when he joined me in a visit to the cinema. He looked the picture of health, I thought, and by no means a subject for Death's sickle.

In many ways Bracewell was the most remarkable of my many friends. His mind was logical and the clarity of his reasoning was astonishing. But it was to his powers of concentration and to his painstaking scrutiny of every detail that he owed his position as the foremost of our amateur detectives. He would snatch at every clue like a hungry dog and would worry it until the truth had fallen out. I would not have you think that he was always slow at discovering a solution. On the contrary, I have known him name the murderer after reading only three pages of a novel. As soon as the essential clues were presented, he had selected them, investigated them and drawn his conclusions—all within a quarter-of-an-hour.

Often, when he found me reading a detective story, he would stand by my side to read over my shoulder for a few minutes; and his acumen was such that he would invariably tell me the solution of the problem before he went away. On rare occasions he would analyse all the available clues and then decide that the author had made a mistake and that the murderer had not been included among the characters in the book. I have known him not only prove the innocence of the author's criminal but actually produce an entirely new character, who, from the weight of evidence against him, must have committed the crime.

These brilliant investigations often called for the utmost patience. On one occasion, being dissatisfied with a conclusion drawn by the author, he commanded his man Smirke to mount to a first-floor window and to drop a standard brick upon his master's head. As a precaution he wore a stout bowler-hat for this experiment, but, at the crucial moment, a lady acquaintance happened to pass by and Bracewell, raising his bowler-hat, received the full impact of the missile upon his naked head. It was typical of the man that, upon recovering consciousness some hours later, he was delighted to find that his theory had been correct and, as a consequence, that he was still alive.

I cannot say how much he added to



DESIGN FOR BOOK-PLATE.

my enjoyment of this type of fiction. To read a mystery of which he had already told me the solution and to follow a plot which his uncanny instinct had already laid bare was a pleasure that I will always remember. Such a pleasure he had given me on the very night on which he met his death. I was on my way to the local cinema to see a crime-film which had been highly recommended, when I met my friend Bracewell, who decided to accompany me. The cinema was not well attended, and we sat alone at the back of the stalls. The film was quite up to my most sanguine expectations and the suspense with which I awaited every fresh development took away my breath. It was not until the criminal had made a murderous attack upon the innocent heroine that Bracewell had marshalled his forces.

"Did you notice anything curious about the hand that emerged from the curtains?" he whispered.

"No," I told him.

"Ha!" he answered. "Your powers of observation, my friend, are far from strong. The owner of that hand is the man who murdered the butler in the first reel. The whole thing is as clear as daylight. I will tell you who he is."

But at this point the suspense was so agonising that my nerves gave way and I hurriedly left the theatre.

It was not until late that night that my friend Bracewell's body was found. His head had come into violent contact with the nobby end of a walking-stick. Although a number of clues were left, the identity of his assailant remains undisclosed. Perhaps the only detective who could have unravelled the mystery was the victim of the crime.

The Bogchester Chronicles.

The Poison Pen.

"FAUGH!"

The exclamation of disgust is wrong from me as I survey the letter which the morning's post has brought. An anonymous letter is never a very pleasant document to receive; but the waste-paper basket is obviously the only place for an anonymous letter containing reflections on the character of a friend.

This ill-written and ill-spelled missive is signed "A Lover of Bogchester," and has arrived in an envelope bearing the Bogchester post-mark. Otherwise there is no clue to its origin. It runs as follows:—

"HONOURED SIR,—It is my duty to inform you that Sir George Gorge as got a deep game on along of that twenty-acre field of William Marsden's wot is to be sold by auction termorrer at eleven o'clock prompt. He is going to buy yon field and put up a building estate on it, as I know from a Clumphampton builder as Sir George as been corresponding with these weeks past, and wot I know personally.

Now, Sir, wot I says is, Is it right, spoiling the country and all? It's no manner of use speaking to Sir George about it, becoss why he won't let on until he as bought the land. And so, Sir, I takes the liberty of writing to you wot I knows to be a man of influence and a lover of Bogchester like meself to ask you to see that Sir George don't get that field wot is to be sold at Joe Turvey's auction rooms, Bogchester, at eleven o'clock sharp."

I would not soil my hands by touching so offensive a communication and I order Meadows to remove it with the



"I ORDER MEADOWS TO REMOVE IT WITH THE TONGS."

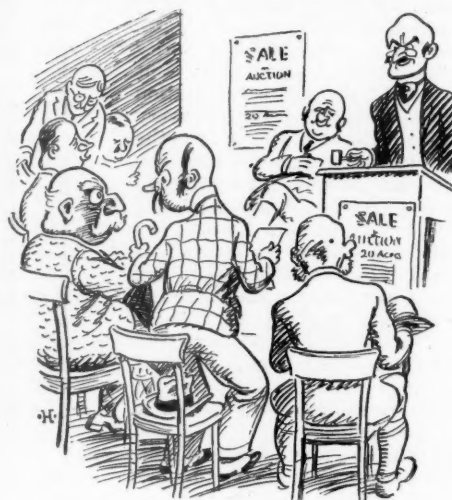
tongs. As for the allegations, I dismiss them as beneath contempt. Sir George would never be a party to so underhand an action without at least consulting me.

A THREAT TO THE COUNTRYSIDE.

Nevertheless the letter opens up a line of thought which I had not considered before. It is just possible that William Marsden's twenty-acre field might be bought for speculative building. And that would certainly have quite unthinkable

consequences to a neighbourhood which has always been considered one of the most select residential districts in the county. Not only would a large building estate on this field seriously affect the rural charm of Bogchester's surroundings, but it would completely destroy the view from the front windows of my own house and doubtless cause a heavy depreciation in the value of the property. As a trustee of the Bogchester countryside, I cannot allow it to be despoiled by a class of people who would, in any case, be quite incapable of appreciating it.

Thus it is that, shortly before eleven, I find myself in Joe Turvey's auction rooms, determined, if necessary, to



"WE TAKE OUR SEATS FOR THE SALE."

make a bid for the land myself; for I am not one to shirk a sacrifice when a matter of plain duty is involved.

The contents of the anonymous letter have by now passed completely out of my mind, so that when Sir George also appears on the scene, a determined look on his face, I move forward to greet him with my usual warmth. But Sir George's conduct is strange and in some respects suspicious. He returns my greeting in an off-hand and even guilty manner, and then turns uneasily away to speak to the auctioneer. I cannot help feeling that were any man considering a dastardly attack on the most sacred feelings of his neighbours he would look very like Sir George does now.

VICTORY—AT A COST.

But at this moment the auctioneer raps his desk and we take our seats for the sale. He starts by describing the field as one of the best pieces of agricultural land in the district—a remark which draws several guffaws from the less restrained members of the gathering. For it is well-known that William Marsden, a man of most limited intelligence, now beaming down on the company from behind the auctioneer, has for years allowed it to lie fallow. Then, to my secret dismay, the auctioneer goes on to describe it as an eminently desirable building site ripe for development. On this sinister note his preliminary discourse closes and he invites us to bid.

"A hundred pounds," says Sir George, shooting an uneasy glance at me.

"Come, come, gentlemen!" says the auctioneer, "you're not here to waste my time and I'm not here to waste yours. All I ask is a proper bid for this fine parcel of land."

"A hundred and five pounds," I cry.

"Three hundred," shouts Sir George, breathing deeply.
 "Five hundred!"
 "Eight hundred!"
 "A thousand!"

There is now a long pause while Sir George wrestles with himself.

"You're going to hear a really big bid now," says William Marsden in a loud undertone to the auctioneer. "Sir George isn't the sort to give up once he's set his mind on something."

But it is evident that Sir George has shot his bolt. He opens and shuts his mouth twice, goes a deep purple about the neck, and finally shakes his head and turns away. I am left the owner of the property—a poor property, he it said, and won at a price which is already beginning to appal me. Nevertheless no price is too high if it means the preservation of the Bogchester district from the hand of the vandal.

THE TERRIBLE TRUTH.

As I leave the auction rooms I find that Sir George is waiting for me outside. "Well," he says coldly, "you'll be able to have your beastly building estate now."

"What?" I cry, amazed at the duplicity of the man.

"Oh, I know all about it," he says. "You can't keep a thing like that from me. I've heard all about your arrangement with a Clumphampton builder to turn that field into a housing estate."

"Where did you get this extraordinary story?" I asked, a terrible suspicion already forming itself in the back of my mind.

Sir George has the grace to look a trifle shamefaced. "I got a letter about it this morning," he says. "To tell the truth it was an anonymous letter."



"MY HORRIBLE SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED."

"So that is your source of information!" I say with cutting scorn. "Have you kept the letter?"

"Well, yes, as a matter of fact I have." And with this Sir George produces a crumpled piece of paper which he hands over to me. My horrible suspicions are confirmed. The letter is to all intents a duplicate of the one which I myself have received, except that it accuses me, instead of Sir George, of contemplating this outrage on the countryside.

"Sir George," I cry indignantly, "I am deeply disappointed in you. Apparently you prefer to take the word

of this anonymous and illiterate correspondent rather than discuss the matter openly with me like a man. I would never have believed that this underhand accusation, this stab in the dark, could have carried so much weight with one of my neighbours."

But Sir George misses the point of my rebuke. "Does that mean that you are not thinking of building on the field?" he asks delightedly.

"Certainly not. You should know me better than to imagine such a thing for a moment."

"By Jove!" says Sir George, much relieved, "what a narrow escape! Why, I might have had to pay eight hundred pounds for a field that is no good to me at all. Well, fortunately, no harm has been done, as things turned out."

I laugh bitterly.

"There's only one thing I don't see," he continues. "Why do you want the field so badly if it's not for that? I shouldn't have thought it was much good to you either."

"I had thought of presenting a new cricket-field to Bogchester," I reply magnificently.

THE PEN OF THE SERPENT.

But my cup of bitterness is not yet full. At that moment Captain Featherstonehaugh saunters towards us across the market place. "Well, bought your building estate yet, Sir George?" he asks casually, producing from his pocket yet another letter of a type which is becoming all too familiar to me.

Sir George scans it hurriedly. "And do you mean to tell me, Captain Featherstonehaugh," he demands haughtily, "that you are prepared to believe these libellous statements from a miserable creature who has not even the courage to sign his name to them?"

"Good Lord, no," says the Captain airily. "William Marsden has been trying to drop hints about building estates every night in the 'Black Swan' for weeks past; but of course no one believed him. And now he must have written this letter, though I don't see how he could expect to take anyone in with it."

"That is not the point, Captain Featherstonehaugh," I respond sharply. "The really objectionable part of this business is that we have in our midst someone who is prepared to spread libellous and untrue stories about his neighbours under a cloak of anonymity."

"Well, it's done no harm, has it?" says the Captain.

And with this outrageous sentiment ringing in my ears I stride from the market place. It seems that I can look for no help in dealing with the wretch responsible for spreading this moral poison. Working unseen and in the dark, he is to be left to strike again; and I have an uneasy feeling that I already have proof enough that his discreditable methods will not be treated with the contempt they deserve.

H. W. M.

"There were some arguments as to whether the airship was the Hindenburg or the Hindenburg. But it was the Hindenburg all right."—*Yorks Paper*.

Thank goodness for that!

"Allison, too, distinguished himself, especially when he cut in on the run to bring off a hurricane forehand volley, the ball passing through two surprised Australians."—*Tennis Report*.

"Hurricane" seems hardly strong enough.

"Daly's effective weapon was a left-handed hook one of which closed Daly's right eye."—*Straits Settlements Paper*.

That will teach him not to let his right eye know what his left hand's doing.

At the Pictures.

GRAVER THEMES.

THREE of the new films have more serious themes than is usual. In *Fury* the American lynching mob is analysed; in *The Prisoner of Shark Island* we follow the fortunes of an American DREYFUS; while the title of *The Story of Louis Pasteur* reveals its own pur-



J.W.D.

GOING TO GIVE IT TO THEM.

Joe Wilson . . . SPENCER TRACY.
Katherine . . . SYLVIA SIDNEY.

pose. But it would not do to believe on such evidence that we are in for a new era of screen propaganda. Mere chance, I should say; particularly as I recently read that the results of an inquiry show that the real supporters of the cinema are the sixpenny public, and that the sixpenny public insists upon laughter.

I fear that in *Fury* there is little for these patrons; but at the same time I doubt if they would be disappointed; and I am quite sure that if they were they would not burn the cinema down—as the lawless, or self-lawful, crowd in *Fury* does with the gaol—because over here we do not give way to such impulses, even if we have them. *Fury* offers so much feeling and emotion in place of the so precious laughter—chiefly the work of SPENCER TRACY, an actor who gets better and better with every part—that we all come away impressed; but it is not on America's sense of justice that the emphasis, both in this film and in *The Prisoner of Shark Island*, is laid.

The most ambitious of the three pictures is that in which PAUL MUNI essays to represent the great French bacteriologist, so long misunderstood

and impeded by jealousy: a task in which he would be better if his wig and beard were more natural. For some reason or other the false hair of the screen seems to be less convincing than the false hair of the stage; which is perhaps the fault of the fierce lighting that fastens on every joint in the armour. But in spite of the absence of a WILLIE CLARKSON of genius, *Pasteur* and his film succeed in winning the audience. In spite too of other disadvantages, such as American actors, and especially actresses, imposing a French accent upon their own. Broken-French, for French, has always seemed to me a mistake, easily obviated by a statement at the beginning to the effect that real French is supposed to be spoken. But the authorities think otherwise. I was doubtful too as to the late Lord LISTER's appearances in the film, one early in life and one late. Are the dates correct? Did he look like that?

According to the sumptuous programme, the story of *The Prisoner of Shark Island* is based on fact; hence



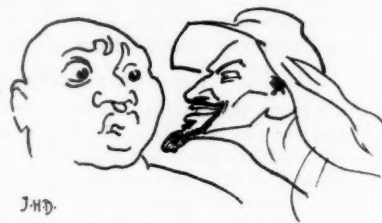
J.W.D.

THE BIG BUG CHIEF WITH HIS PATIENTS.

Louis Pasteur . . . PAUL MUNI.

the name of the hero, who would not otherwise have been called MUDD. It appears, however, that in 1865 anyone who came into any kind of contact with JOHN WILKES BOOTH, escaping after his assassination of President LINCOLN, was, by a court martial, immediately found guilty of complicity in the

crime and condemned either to instant death or a more prolonged decease in a penal settlement off the coast of Florida. Dr. SAMUEL A. MUDD, having, all unconscious as to the identity of his patient, bound up the leg of JOHN WILKES BOOTH and been paid for his professional services, was sentenced to spend the rest of his life in this awful place. Such, we are told, is history. Anyway, we see *Shark Island*, of which there is a map inset in the programme marking "Dr.



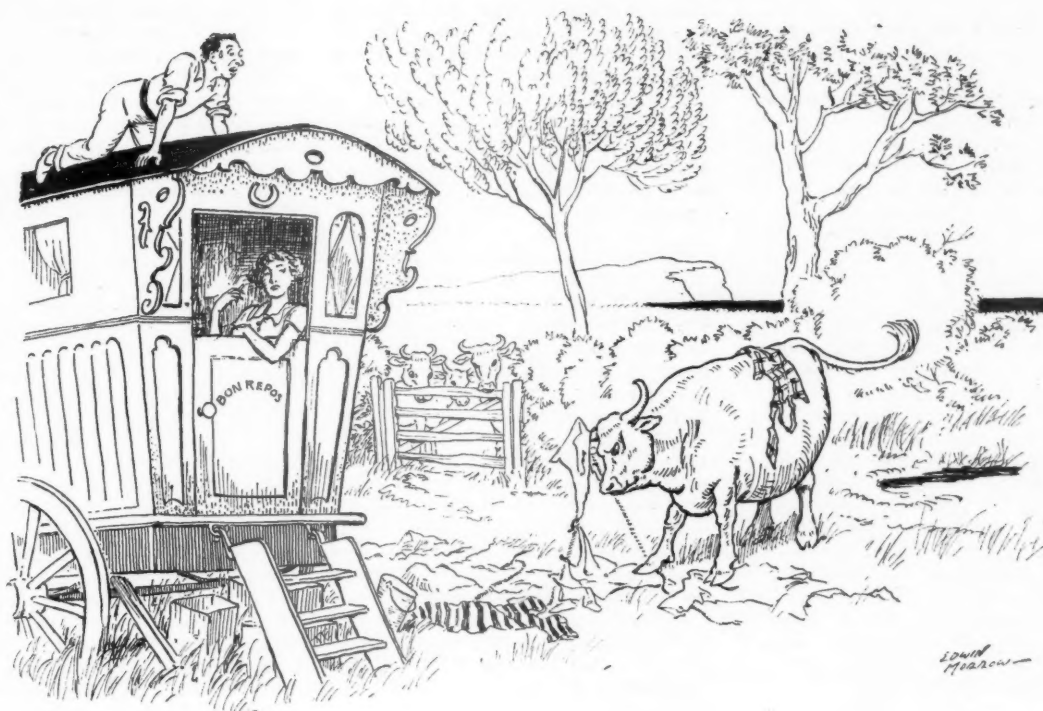
J.W.D.

COMING TO HIM.

Buck . . . ERNEST WHITMAN.
Sergeant Rankin . . . JOHN CARRADINE.

Mudd's Cell," the "Chain Gang," the "Firing Squad," the "Grave Diggers," and the "Shark-infested Moat"; and we see *Dr. Mudd*, no longer the cheery WARNER BAXTER with the little moustache to whom we are accustomed, but a WARNER BAXTER with the unkempt coiffure proper to felons of the cinema, and the particular butt of the diabolical *Sergeant Rankin*, played with fascinating ferocity by JOHN CARRADINE.

In the end, after tending the prisoners, soldiers, and officers for yellow fever, *Dr. Mudd*, the only medical man available, is released; but there is no word of righting the wrong: he is pardoned merely because he had behaved as a medical man should. None of the vindictive court martialers are castigated or disgraced; and after a touching reconciliation with *Sergeant Rankin*, tamed by yellow fever into a lamb, he rejoins *Mrs. Mudd* and the little *Miss Mudd*, who appear to have grown no older during his absence, while the faithful negro, *Buck*, whom, in some mysterious way, *Mrs. Mudd* had sent to *Shark Island* as a friend of her husband, rejoins *Mrs. Buck* and the dozens of little *Bucks* of whom he is the father. An hour-and-a-half's entertainment, it is true, but containing much that might have been made more credible, and not least *Dr. Mudd's* first fruitless escape. We also wonder if, as long ago as 1865, anyone in America said that a man would get "what was coming to him." E. V. L.



"BRING IN THE WASHING, GEORGE DEAR, IF YOU ARE NOT DOING ANYTHING IMPORTANT."

Fans.

"A PARCEL has just come for you," said Edith. "I've put it on the study table."

I hastened thither, expecting to find that it was merely *Life's Lemons* (my novel) returned with thanks from yet another firm of publishers. But the parcel proved to be quite the wrong shape, and when I took off the paper I discovered to my delight a box of my favourite cigarettes and a neat white card bearing the words: "From an admirer of your work." I looked again at the address on the brown-paper, and there was no mistake about it: "L. Conkleshill, 'The Raspberries,' Little Wobbley."

I sought Edith and told her all about it.

"It's the first time I've realised that I'm beginning to get a public," I said. "Hitherto the only 'fan' letters I've had have been written in the wrong spirit, pointing out that Sydney isn't the capital of Queensland or that the natives of Papua don't wear sombreros. I expect it was that poem of mine on

'Marrows in the Moonlight' that tickled this chap's fancy. I thought it was a bit extra good myself, and I shouldn't be at all surprised to get quite a flood of gifts."

And I was right. Next morning I received a knitted tie, a pound of tobacco, and three anonymous letters. By the mid-day post I netted a pair of socks, two more letters, and a pound of chocolates. Edith consumed the chocolates as I'm not fond of sweets.

"I wish the person who sent the chocolates had enclosed his name and address," I said, "so that I could write and say that if he or she doesn't mind I'd sooner have tobacco next time."

"That's just the sort of selfish point of view you *would* adopt," said Edith. "I'm sure I deserve a share in your fan-presents. After all, if it hadn't been for me you'd probably never have got on at all. Most great men admit they owe nearly everything to their wives."

"But you'll notice that they only do it when their wives are sitting on the platform with them," I pointed out.

By practically every post for a week presents and letters continued to

arrive, and though the percentage of chocolates was irritatingly high, I couldn't help being gratified, and I began to think that L. Conkleshill was a good many sizes larger than he had hitherto suspected.

"You've done less work than ever since the parcels began to arrive," said Edith. "I should have thought they would have encouraged you to work a bit harder, but you've done nothing but slope about, preening yourself all the time."

Two days later I got a bill from a London firm for "goods supplied to Mrs. L. Conkleshill:

5 boxes of 50 cigarettes.
2 lbs. Tobacco.
8 lbs. Chocolates.
3 prs. Socks.
8 Ties."

"Yes," Edith admitted when I showed it to her, "I *did* send you all your fan-mail. I thought that a little encouragement might induce you to work a bit harder. When I found it was only making you lazier and more conceited than ever I called a halt . . . and anyway I was getting fed-up with chocolates."

The Fathers' Match.

No, Sir, we shall *not* describe the Fathers' Match for the School Magazine.

Is it not enough that, year by year, we consent to suffer thus? Must we as well be, so to speak, our own agonometers? Would you invite the condemned gunman to record his impression of the final ceremony for the pleasure of the *Police Gazette*?

And this year there is more cause for decent reticence than usual. It was not merely that we were dismissed first ball (that had happened before, though not for about five years); it was not merely that our Fathers' Match average was brought down to about 7; it was not merely that, as usual, the Boys seemed to have 15 men in the field and we were brutally caught by the fifteenth boy (there is a precedent for that). No, no; the wound lay here—that this was our first appearance as a Grandfather in the mere Fathers' Match, and this was the occasion they chose on which to have us caught by some sort of illegitimate slip off the very first ball bowled in our direction.

There is, there could be, no excuse for this behaviour. We were, we think, the only Grandfather in the team. One or two of the Parents looked older (we thought), and even more circular in the region of greatest circumference; many had less hair; each had contributed his modest quota to the next generation. *But not one of them had done anything about the next generation but one.*

That takes it out of a man, say what you like; and we expected that some sort of concession would be made. Every allowance is made for the supposed immaturity, the quite mythical inferiority of the Boys. If a spherical Father scores so many as 20 he must retire at that enjoyable point; but a great big athletic boy may go on batting into the 60's. Moreover, the round-tummies' team are always put in to bat first. This is not a compliment, as the school pretends, but a conspiracy. In the tricky morning light, before the haze is off the sky and the aged London eyes, the Boys cruelly tease and toy with the batting ancestors, and dismiss the last one punctually at five minutes to lunch. They are then taken indoors, stupefied with sherry and gorged with salmon and strawberries. After this they are herded back to the field and made to

run about in a comatose condition—which is not good for fathers. By this time the sky has cleared, and the light, though blinding and brutal to the fielders (especially to that parent who has been posted at the dangerous and degrading place called "point"), is very favourable to the batsmen. Also a little breeze has risen, the deadly pollen moves about the meadows, and any grandfather who has hay-fever begins to sneeze.

Though the Ancients bat 14 a side they may field only 11 (another injustice); and when any father shows the smallest sign of spirit or mobility he is sent off the field and ordered to swim in the delightful river on the square-leg boundary. Swimming, it is well-known, impairs the "eye" and exhausts the reserves of power. After the swim the Father is placed at long-stop or point, and the Boys deliberately humiliate him by snicking in his direction uncivilized twisters which spin across his front and whizz away past his left ankle. (There should be no "point" in a Fathers' Match). If the Fathers still make a show of resistance a Tea Interval is declared; and thereafter, if not before, the Boys have no difficulty in gaining the usual victory by six or seven wickets.

Well, as a mere Father, we have long accepted all this unfairness; for there may be a little in the theory that if the Fathers were treated in Christian fashion they would sometimes win. But we did think that there would be some sort of special rules for a grandfather, who, *ex hypothesi*, must be as defenceless as a boy.

But no. We batted 12th, and the moment they saw us totter from the pavilion they brought back that enormous and Machiavellian bowler whom we had distrusted from the first. We never believed that he was a real boy; and his first devilish delivery proved him to be an impostor. Perhaps after all we should have worn the spectacles. We wear them for yachting now; but we had never batted in spectacles, and, somehow, it seemed a sort of turning-point. And there were our Young, standing close to the pavilion. The Young, we knew, are severely critical of Mother's wear on these occasions, and it might be that the Young would have something to say about a Father who batted in spectacles. We borrowed pads too large for us, and a bat too small: we bound great lumps of rubber to our hands, and marched out filling the lungs and slashing the air with the bat

which had just hit a six. But we left the spectacles behind.

No doubt it was the spectacles. Not that we would belittle the ball. It was cunningly "flighted." It seemed to swerve a good deal. Eye-witnesses of the scene admitted that the break was tremendous. The bowler's umpire thought that few grandfathers could have got the bat to it at all. This one did—but only just. As the ball spun past us towards this seventh (and illegitimate) slip, we could hear the sound of its spinning, the malignant hiss of incredible rotation. How that boy held it we shall never know. What a catch!

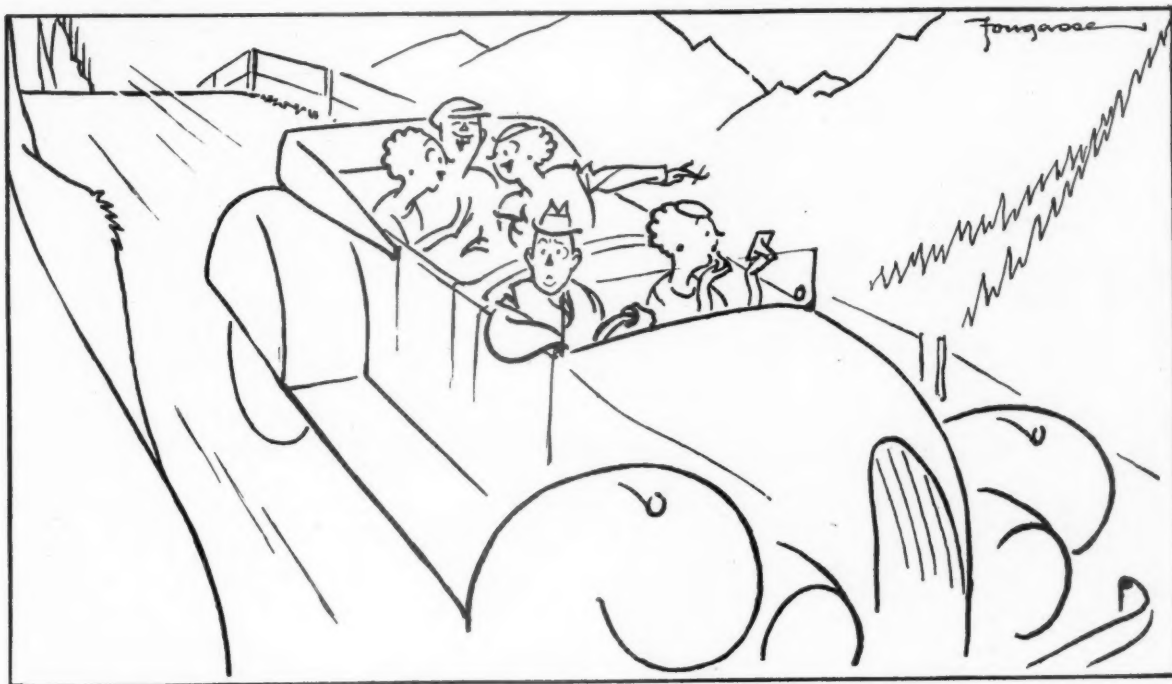
And, by the way, we have not mentioned the light. There wasn't any. So far as there was light, it was a fiendish light. There had been a sort of blight or haze about all the morning, and while we took guard all the dingy corners of the sky seemed to crowd up into the centre, forming a thick and bilious kind of canopy immediately over the wicket. Imagine that. Imagine some unusually dense and lofty trees behind the bowler's arm. Out of this murky background imagine a rather dirty ball (small size) snaking and zig-zagging and spinning unnaturally. Remember about the spectacles. And you will then have some vague impression of the conditions.

When the incredible occurred and those small fingers still gripped the red-hot whizzing sphere, we thought that at least the captain would say: "Oh, trial ball, Sir!" or "Oh, I say, fair-play for grandfathers!" But the general expectation seemed to be that we should return to the pavilion. Accordingly, in some surprise, we began the longest walk in the world.

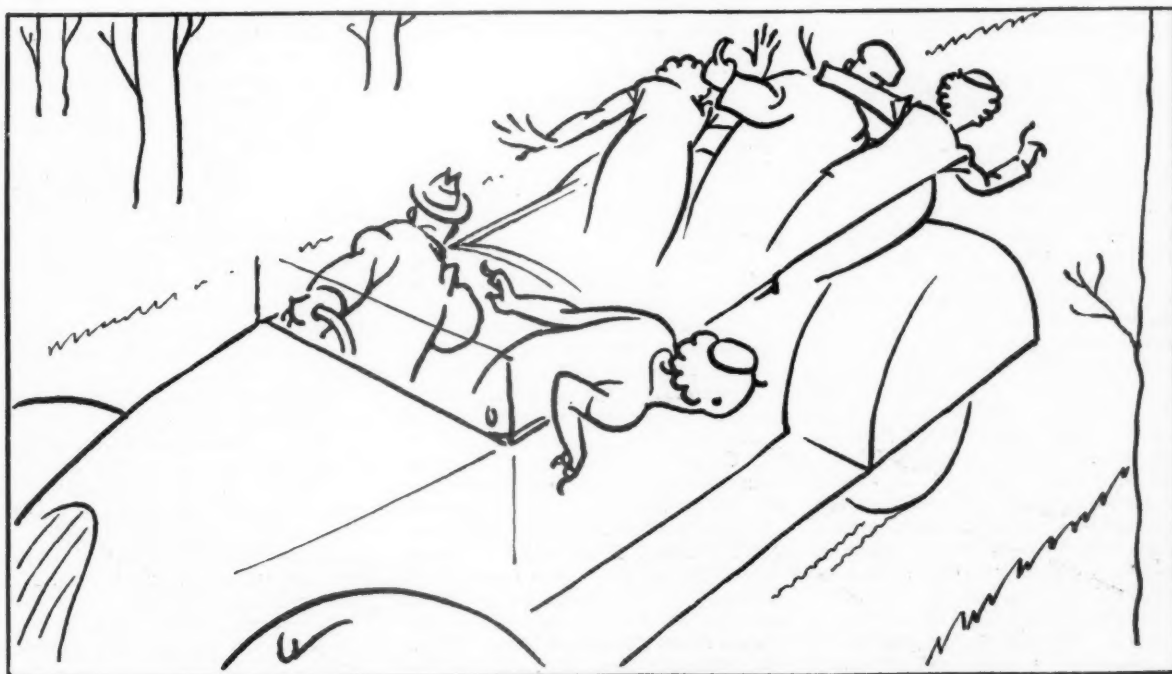
The Young, mercifully, had left the field for lunch.

It may be that there are spiritual lessons to be drawn from the Fathers' Match. It is, without doubt, on this day, and not on New Year's Day, that the truly valuable discoveries and resolutions are made, concerning, for example, the size of the stomach, the volume of the wind, the choice of diet, course of abdominal exercises, and so on. But we do not think that any of this is suitable for the School Magazine. Nor can it be desirable to record very loudly the fact that once again the Boys have won.

Which things being so, we decline to write a word about the Fathers' Match.
A. P. H.



NOBODY CARES WHAT THE DRIVER DOES—



PROVIDED HE DOESN'T REVERSE!



"TAXI'S COME, LIONEL! WHERE'S FI-FI?"

"DO YOU KNOW, MY DEAR, I'VE A VAGUE IDEA I MUST HAVE PACKED HER."

Children's Hour.

WE were sitting in the garden after luncheon, snatching a few moments' rest before William chivied us on to the tennis-court again. Irene had disappeared from view behind an immense Chinese parasol, the hinges of which squeaked every time she breathed. Harry had, with what he afterwards admitted to be pure affectation, placed a handkerchief over his face. I lay on an inflated mattress, my head in the shade of the tulip-tree, my legs spread-eagled in the sun.

The air was filled with summery sounds—the whirr of the motor-mower, the muttered oaths of passing blue-bottles, the melancholy hum of questing bees. Occasionally William sucked rather noisily at his pipe or tried to turn over a page of *The Times* quietly; but on the whole peace reigned.

At half-past-two Simon appeared, holding a box of crayons in one hand and a drawing-book in the other.

"Hullo, darling," I said, as softly as I could. "What have you got there?"

Why is it, I wonder, that one always asks children questions to which one already knows the answers?

"I've got some crayons and a drawing-book," Simon explained politely.

"No! Have you?" I replied, still apparently half-witted and blind.

"Yes," said Simon, and suddenly tiring, quite justifiably, of this conversation, he uttered a shrill neigh and cantered away.

"What was that?" asked Irene, waking up with a start and peering over the top of her parasol.

"What was what?" inquired Harry, removing his handkerchief to disclose an overheated countenance.

"It was your child," I told Irene, "who wishes to be amused. At the moment he is jumping the Sweet Williams."

"Simon! stop that at once!" shouted Irene. "Come here immediately and be amused!"

"Couldn't you amuse him somewhere else?" Harry asked, once more covering his face with cambric. "Simon's so confoundingly noisy."

"Nonsense! Simon and I will draw, won't we, my pet?" said Irene, catching hold of her son's trousers just in time to prevent him from leaping on to his father's prostrate form. "These tiresome old men and," she added, eyeing me severely, "old women can resume their sleep of surfeit!"

As she spoke, Irene automatically brushed Simon's hair from his forehead and pulled up his socks. "What shall we draw?" she asked, taking him on to her lap.

"Buses," replied Simon firmly, handing her a crayon.

"Ah," said Irene rather thoughtfully—"ah . . . a bus . . . now, let me see . . ."

"That's a funny bus!" said Simon, gazing scornfully at his mother's drawing as he wriggled off her lap.

"Ssh! . . . not so loud!" hissed Irene. "And why is it a funny bus?"

"It's wheels are wrong. They didn't ought to be there."

"Don't say 'didn't ought,' darling."

"Nanny does."

"Ssh! . . . Now, tell me about these wheels."

"They're in the wrong place," insisted Simon. "Aren't they, Uncle William?"

William opened his eyes and yawned. Simon removed the book from Irene and handed it to William.

"You draw a bus," he said, utterly indifferent to his mother's lacerated feelings.

"Ah . . ." said William pensively—"ah . . . a bus . . . yes, indeed, let

me see . . . a bus . . ." Suddenly he caught sight of his hostess's effort. "Good heavens! D'you call *that* a bus?" he cried.

"I certainly do," replied Irene with quiet hauteur.

Harry flung off his yashmak and sprang to his feet. "Where is there peace in the world?" he cried. "Where can the weary business-man find rest, I ask you, if not in his own garden?"

"Draw a bus, Daddy," interrupted Simon, taking the drawing-book away from William, who was busy executing a peculiarly foreshortened drawing, and who uttered a faint cry of protest.

"Certainly not," said Harry. "I've never heard of such a thing!"

As he spoke his eye alighted on William's bus.

"The bonnet's too long," he commented, "that's what's wrong with that."

"It's a Tilling bus," pleaded William sadly.

"Nonsense! I'll show you what a bus should look like." Harry took his gold pencil from his pocket and drew a few swift firm strokes. "There! that's more like it."

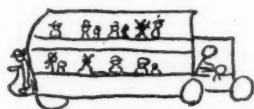
Irene and William squealed with scorn.

"Where are the mudguards?" asked Irene.

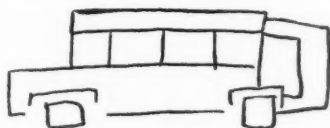
"And what perspective for a staircase!" scoffed William.

This was too much for me. Rising from my inflated mattress I crept on my knees to Irene's side and peeped over the arm of her chair at the buses. Really, they were laughable! Not like buses at all. It would be wrong, I felt, to allow a child to be so deceived.

Irene's bus was like this:



William's like this:



and Harry's like this:



"ON BEHALF OF THE BOYS AND MYSELF, GOOD-NIGHT T' YE!"

I mean to say! Snatching a pencil from Irene's hand, I began work at once.

"There!" I said at last, proudly displaying my finished drawing:—



The cries of derision that greeted my artistic effort were as tactless as they were unanimous. Just to show them, however, that their mockery could not intimidate me, I insisted upon drawing several more buses. They retorted in kind, and for the rest of the afternoon we continued to draw buses from every angle—back-views, front-views, side-views, bird's-eye-views and fly's-eye-views. Many

harsh words were spoken, many cruel taunts were hurled across the lawn, many an artistic hope died young. Some of us broke pencils and swore, others were brave with the courage born of deep despair, but each was upheld by the determination to draw a bigger and better bus than any hated rival.

It was on the whole an unpleasant afternoon, filled with bitterness and pain, and we were glad when tea-time came.

Simon of course had long since disappeared, and took no further interest in the proceedings. As Irene so truly said: "That child is so easy to amuse!"

V. G.

"RAILMEN WANT SHORTER DAY."

Daily Paper.

They will get it—until December 22nd.



Fellow-Clubman (to financial magnate who has just received a peerage). "WELL, OLD MAN, HAVE YOU SETTLED ON YOUR 'ALIAS' YET?"

The Loud Thrush.

In my garden there's a thrush;
If you heard
All the ecstasy and gush
Of the bird
You would stand, as in a spell,
While the music rose and fell
And ejaculate, "Well, well;
On my word!"

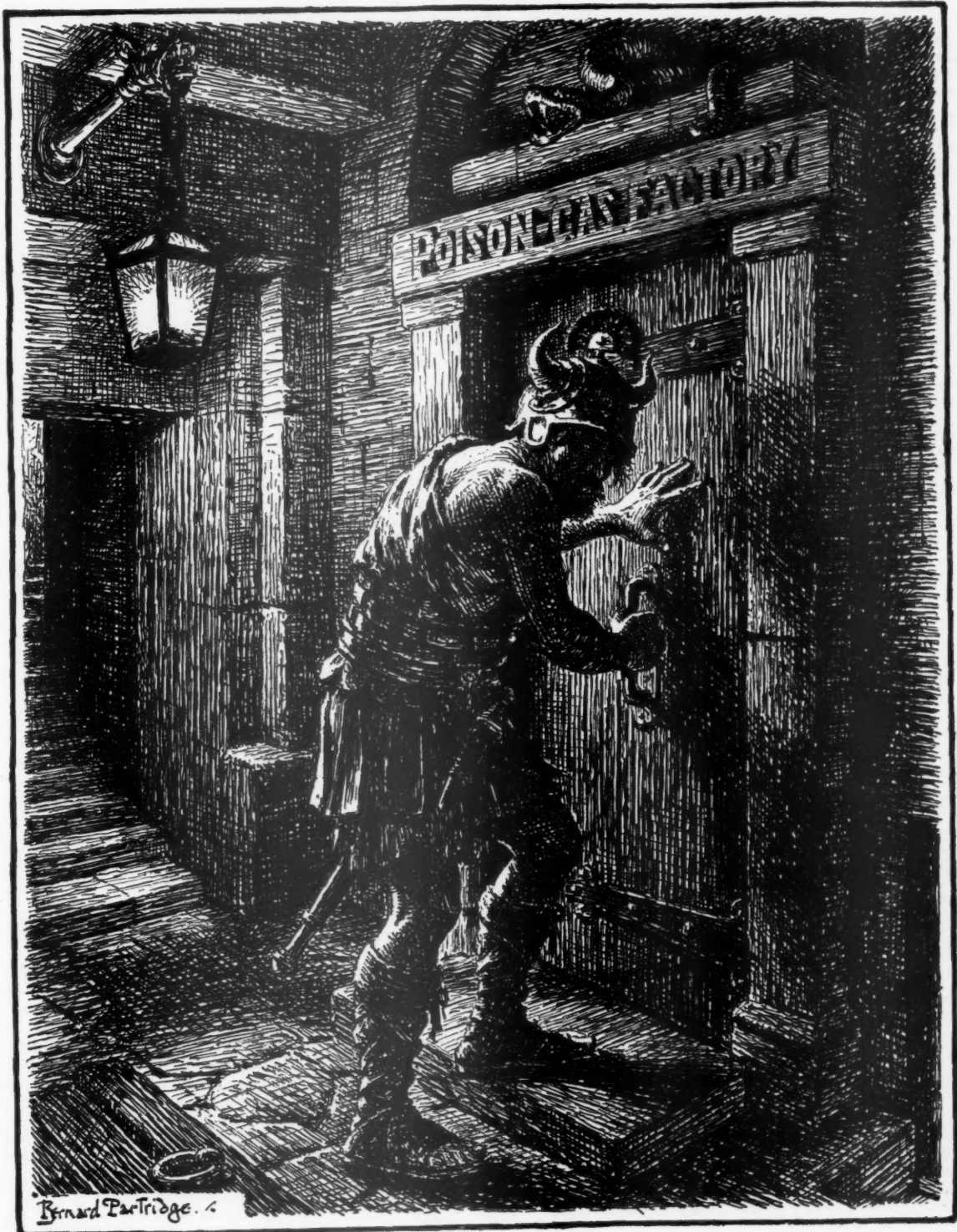
In the shadow or the sun
He will sing,
I imagine for the fun
Of the thing,
But he rises to his height
When I labour in my might
Which, I grant you, is a sight
For a king.

From the moment that I start
Till I'm through,
He uplifts his little heart
To the blue,
When I stand erect, and stop
To express myself, and mop
From my brow the manly drop,
He stops too.

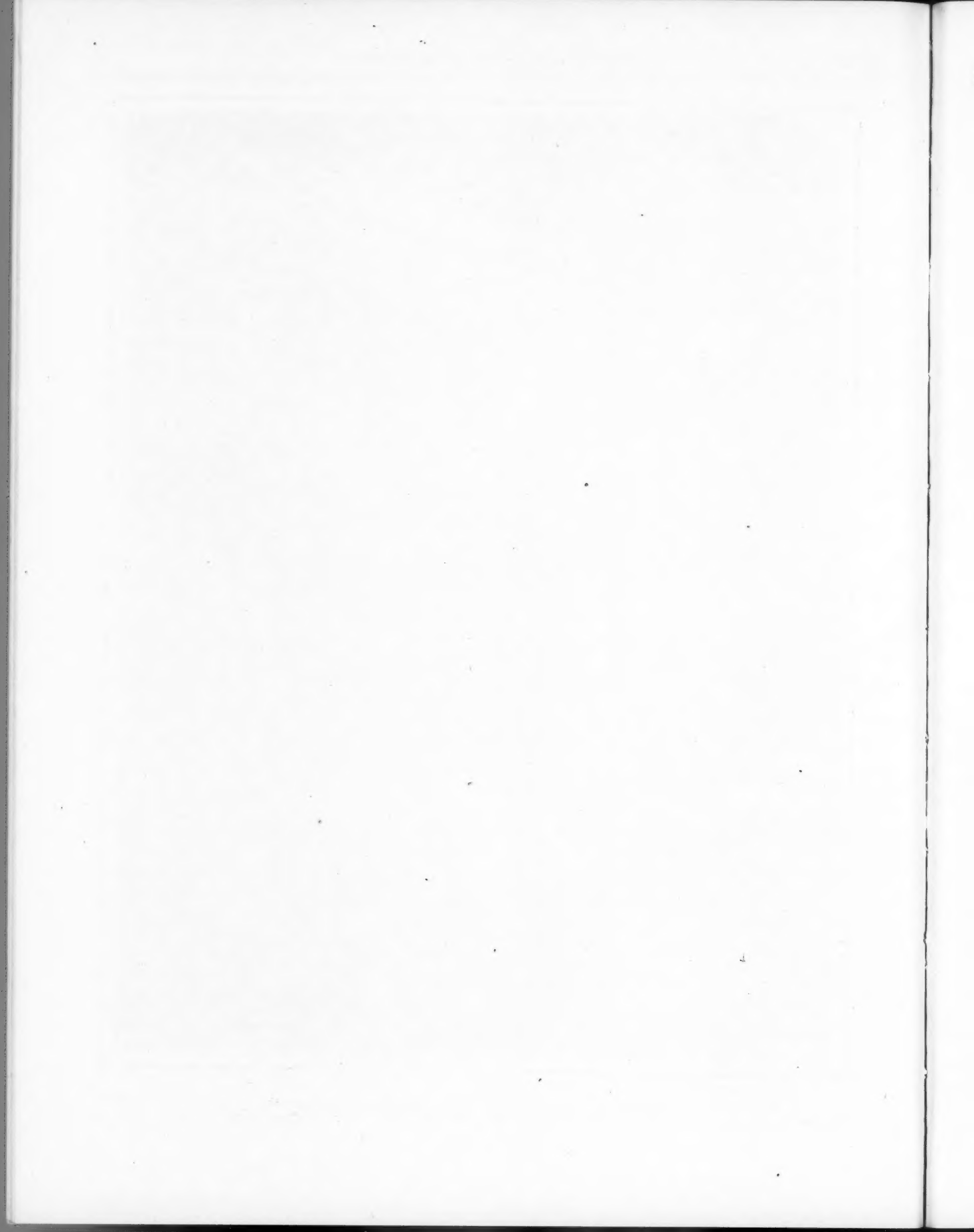
I observe no sign of fear
Though he's fat
And might well attract the ear
Of a cat;
He will brook no rival, e'en
To outroaring my machine,
And it takes a bit, I ween,
To do that.

I have wondered as I've bent
O'er my grind
If he warbles with intent
To be kind;
Does he sing "The day is fair;
You are in the open air;
Toil is pleasant, if you'll bear
That in mind"?

Yet that idler in the trees,
With his song,
Just as lazy as you please
All day long—
There are times when I'd have sworn
That his lay, though nobly born,
Had an element of scorn:
Was I wrong? DUM-DUM.



THE ARMOURY OF MARS : 1936.



Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, June 29th.—Commons: Tithe Bill read a Third time. Debate on Cabinet Responsibility.



Pish-Tush (Mr. Churchill):

"And he was right, I think you'll say,
To argue in this kind of way.
And I am right,
And you are right,
And all is right—too-looral-lay!"
"The Mikado," Act. I.

Tuesday, June 30th.—Lords: Government defeated on Amendment to Education Bill.

Commons: Finance Bill taken in Committee.

Wednesday, July 1st.—Lords: Debate on Cabinet Responsibility.

Commons: Malta Bill read a Second time.

Monday, June 29th.—Luminous telephone-dials have been tried without success, the P.M.G. told Mr. AMMON to-day, without explaining for what conceivable emergency these were designed; but he added that a new dial with enlarged lettering is now available for short-sighted subscribers. It must be remembered that in the boxing world dials both luminous and enlarged have long been a commonplace.

Mr. DAY's score was four Questions, three Oral and one Written.

At a time when an appearance of cohesion is of the utmost importance to the Government, rhetorical flutters by Cabinet Ministers on subjects outside their own Departments are proving embarrassing, however well-intended. After the Tithe Bill

had been given a rather luke-warm Third Reading to-day, Mr. ATTLEE moved the adjournment to call attention to Mr. DUFF COOPER's recent speech in Paris and its conflict with the declared foreign policy of the Government. The Labour Party, he said, entirely agreed that a close understanding between the two great democracies of Western Europe was very desirable; what they objected to in the MINISTER FOR WAR's speech was the omission of any reference to the Covenant of the League, and the suggestion that an Anglo-French alliance was a matter of necessity, for this killed the idea of Locarno. How would Mr. DUFF COOPER like it, he asked, if just before he was to introduce the Army Estimates Mr. EDEN made an airy speech about the need for more tanks?

Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR agreed that there had been much in the speech to approve, but found danger and also inconsistency with the P.M.'s statements in Mr. DUFF COOPER's assurance to the French: "Your frontier is our frontier." To Mr. CHURCHILL's mind there had been no indiscretion, for the FOREIGN SECRETARY and his assistants had approved the speech, which contained no new declaration of policy but only admirable sentiments; to Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON's the point was not the intention of Mr. DUFF COOPER but the fact that he had placed himself in a position which foreign newspapers could interpret falsely; and to Mr. HAROLD NICOLSON's, as a professional diplomat, the speech was innocent of offence.

Sir JOHN SIMON reminded the House that Mr. DUFF COOPER had modified his remarks in accordance with Mr. EDEN's suggestions, and, wondering that the Labour Party should take exception to a speech which had so eloquently defended the liberty of the individual as against the creed that obedience and military prowess were

all that mattered, passed into a light essay on comparative styles of oratory in which he deplored the frequency with which the adjectives "cold" and "lucid" were applied to his own utterances and singled out Mr. LLOYD GEORGE for the reproach originally



THE BROWN LEGHORN

AND (inset) THE SOMEWHAT BELATED EASTER EGG.

["I anticipate that I shall be in a position to lay a draft of these Regulations on July 14th."—Mr. Ernest Brown.]

addressed by the young man to Old Father William:

"And yet you perpetually stand on your head.

Do you think at your age it is right?"

Tuesday, June 30th.—When their Lordships took the Education Bill in Committee this afternoon Lord ASKWITH's amendment, limiting the hours which might be worked by a child to not more than 44 a week, met with such strong support that Lord HALIFAX promised that the Government would consider what was the best way to tackle the problem of child-labour when they were working on their Factory Bill next year. Such consideration seems to come a little late; as Lord MOUNT TEMPLE said, it is difficult to believe that in 1936 a measure could be passed permitting children to work instead of being at school, without any limitation as to hours of employment.

Later the Government suffered defeat on an amendment moved by the PRIMATE to allow compensation to juniors non-provided schools which would have to find extra



ON THE WARPATH.

LORD ARNOLD.



"I DISTINCTLY ORDERED JACOBAN! YOU KNOW, THE SORT WITH CURLY LEGS."

accommodation as a result of the Bill.

In the Commons something of a storm greeted Mr. ERNEST BROWN's announcement that the new Unemployment Regulations would not be issued until July 14th, very near the end of the Session. After considerable bombardment from Opposition Members, who insisted that such an important measure required more time for contemplation and discussion than this date would allow, Sir JOHN SIMON regretted that an earlier date for publication was impossible, but promised that the best time for the debate would be arranged through the Whips. He seized upon Mr. LAWSON's suggestion that it would be fairer to the recipients of relief if the Regulations were postponed to the autumn to express his surprise that the Opposition, who had clamoured so long for the Regulations, should now criticise the Government for producing them too soon; which was really exceedingly unfair of him, as the Opposition Benches were not slow to point out.

Wednesday, July 1st.—The debate in the Upper House on conflicting utterances of Ministers took a different turn from that in the Commons since Lord RENNELL, who moved the motion on a note of polite inquiry into what seemed to him inconsistency in

the Cabinet, took the opportunity of criticising as superfluous the paragraph in our Note to Germany which



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO.

Mr. BERNAYS
Says
That the National Left Wing
Needs a bit more sting.

asked about "ability to conclude genuine treaties," while Lord ARNOLD launched himself on a long and vehement denunciation of the prepon-

derantly pro-French attitude of the Permanent Officials at the Foreign Office. Lord RENNELL, the seasoned diplomat, used a rapier no less pointed for the courtesy with which he handled it; Lord ARNOLD brandished a bludgeon and hit out freely, so freely that Lord MIDLETON followed him with a plea that so responsible an institution as their Lordships' House should set an example of restraint at a time when one foolish speech might do irreparable damage. But in Lord RENNELL's view a speech parts of which had been "incredibly inopportune" had been delivered by Mr. DUFF COOPER in Paris, since negotiations with Germany were still pending.

In reply Lord HALIFAX reminded Lord RENNELL that the British memorandum represented the views of other interested Powers besides ourselves, and went on to describe his amazement at the sentiments which had been read into what appeared to him an admirable speech entirely in line with the Government's stated policy. As for deducing any distinction between the FOREIGN SECRETARY and the Foreign Office, there was in fact no such distinction to be found.

In the Commons Mr. ORMSBY-GORE got a Second Reading for the Bill to restore to the Crown the powers which it possessed in Malta up to 1921.

My Favourite Character.

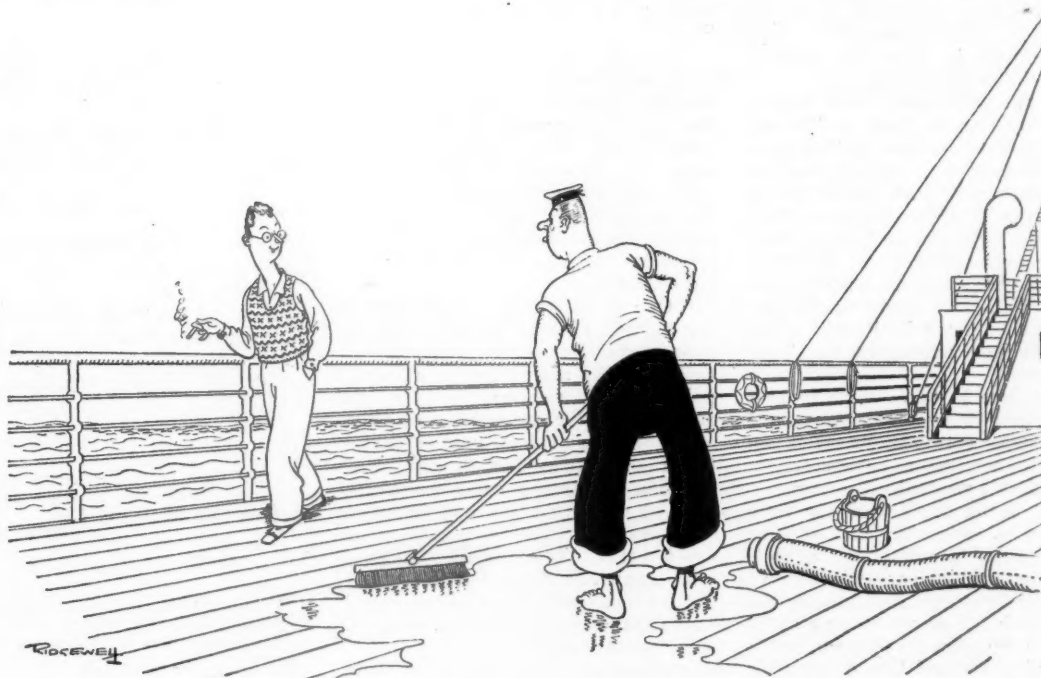
[Being a contribution (wholly unsolicited) to a symposium now raging in our local paper in favour of *Mr. Palmer*, of *Sense and Sensibility*, who "entered the room with a look of self-consequence, slightly bowed to the ladies without speaking a word and, after briefly surveying them and their apartments, took up a newspaper from the table and continued to read it as long as he staid."]

Oh, happy *Mr. Palmer*,
 Unsocial as a mule,
 Than any mill-pond calmer,
 Than cucumber more cool,
 Of boredom shrewd escaper,
 Who on a morning call
 Took up the daily paper
 And spake no word at all!

His lady's frolic chatter
 That like a fountain rose
 Was powerless to shatter
 His studious repose.
 He sat and read unheeding
 And silent as the tomb
 (Though when he'd finished reading
 He briefly crabbed the room).

And oft, when parties scare me
 And I have naught to say,
 I've vainly longed to bear me
 In his Olympian way,
 And, envying his abstraction,
 His fathomless reserve,
 Have wished I had a fraction
 Of *Mr. Palmer's* nerve.

Let others put their shirt on
Tom Brown or *Peter Bell*
 Or *Soames* or *Gammer Gurton*
 Or *Jeeves* or *Little Nell*;
 I plump for *Mr. Palmer*,
 The wisest of mankind,
 By *JANE*, that skilled embalmer
 Of oddities, enshrined.



"PARDON, SIR?"

"OH, IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT. I MERELY REMARKED 'AVAST THERE!'"

Mr. Silvertop—Avenging Angel.

"I OUGHT to write a perishing book," said Mr. Silvertop.

I quickly agreed.

"If these birds what pour out their memwores in six volumes 'ad 'ad one-tenth the rum times I've 'ad in my line of business they'd 'ave something to write 'ome about. An odd-job expert sees 'umanity in the raw, good and proper, 'e does. It's when the pipes 'ave bust and turned the 'ole 'ouse into a ruddy Lido, and the lights 'ave fused and the sash-cords gone and the boiler's blown the kitchen-ceiling all over the dinner that you begins to see 'umanity in its true colours. And 'umanity's an 'ighly mixed lot. 'Ighly mixed," he repeated, giving a thoughtful jab to the stair-rod he was fixing for us.

"The queer things I'm sometimes asked to do, you wouldn't believe. Things what I don't 'ardly 'old with, only I argues it this way to meself: 'You're not in business for your 'ealth, 'Enery Silvertop,' I ses, 'and if people likes to 'ire your skill as a carpenter and mechanic it's not for you to go about asking why.' It's the same with a barrister—'e 'ires out 'is skill as a gasbag, and you don't find 'im coming over 'aughty about a big case because 'e knows as well as everybody else that the bloke reely 'as done 'is old woman in with the chopper. Not unless 'e's barmy, that is.

"And the same with them leader-writers, 'oo 'ave to back a different political party every time their old man gets a sick 'eadache. All they do is to 'ire out their skill with words, and if 'arf the time they 'ave to make black seem white, well, you can't blame 'em. I used to do the plumbing for a leader-writer once, and a more blasphemous sarcastic chap I've never run across. But you should see 'is leaders—they might 'ave been written by the Archbishop 'imself.

"No, I 'ave to take 'umanity as I finds it, and every now and then I finds it proper spiteful. Ever tell you about that there bed in Kensington?"

"Not that I remember," I said.

"Well, an old boy I work for 'ad a cousin 'oo'd done 'im out of five 'undred quid of family money, or so 'e reckoned, only in such a way 'e couldn't do nothing about it. And one day the cousin, 'oo's too mean to stay at 'is club when 'e comes up to town, wrote and asked if 'e could 'ave a bed after 'is Regimental Dinner. That put the lid on things, and my gent calls me in.

"Look 'ere, Silvertop," 'e ses, 'you reckon you're a pretty 'ot mechanic.

Can you fix up the spare-room bed so the bottom falls out at a given time?' 'Easy,' I ses, 'given an electro-magnet and an alarm-clock.' And can you fix a gramophone so it starts off at the same moment?' 'A baby-in-arms could do that,' I ses. Then 'e tells me about 'is cousin and what 'e's done, and any pang of conscience I 'as disappears.

"I wasn't there when it 'appened, of course, but I 'eard all about it after. My stuff worked a fair treat. The cousin 'e comes back from 'is Dinner in fine form, and after 'e's 'ad one or two more they 'elp 'im up to bed, telling 'im if 'e 'ears a funny ticking noise 'e mustn't take no notice, it's only a deathwatch-beetle what lives in the wardrobe. My gent and 'is family creeps into the next room with a flask and sandwiches and waits. We'd set the clock for two, and it wasn't a second out. There was an 'ell of a crash and a kind of muffled roar from the cousin like as if 'e was shouting 'Fire!' through a currant-bun—and then the gramophone in the cupboard starts up: 'This is a Police S.O.S. Five 'undred Consolidated Bombazine Ordinaries 'ave been stolen. This is a Police S.O.S.' etcetera, over and over again. In 'is condition it was a bit too much for the cousin. 'E clapped on 'is operer-'at and 'is slippers and 'e bolted out of the 'ouse in 'is pyjamas, leaving 'is war-medals and all be'ind 'im.

"That was the last they ever 'eard of 'im," said Mr. Silvertop, screwing in another stair-rod. "But in a way, that do I 'ad up at old Miss Figg's was queerer and more dramatic, as you might say. She's a rare one for fussing, and when she gets a notion into 'er 'ead a charge of dynamite wouldn't shift it. One day she sends for me and I can see straight off she's in an 'igh old flutter.

"One of the maids is a-pinching of my collection in the droring-room cupboard," she ses. 'Very sorry to 'ear that, Mum,' I ses. 'Ave you 'ad the police?' 'No,' she ses, 'and I'm not going to till I've got proof. But someone's pinching things regular during the night, when I'm asleep. This morning my Queen Anne teapot 'ad gone. Yesterday it was that purple jug what my great-grandpa 'ad off George the Fourth.' 'It's a shame, Mum,' I ses, 'but where do I come in?' 'Just 'ere,' she answers, 'you've got to run that there electricity into the knob of the cupboard so it'll give a shock. I want 'ooever it is to be stuck there. I don't want 'em done in, of course,' she ses. 'I should 'ope not,' I ses, a bit stern. 'And I want you to fix a cupful of ink on top,' she goes on, 'so it'll

pour all over 'em. I'll put an old rug underneath so it won't matter.'

"I argues with 'er, but it isn't no use. So in the end she gives all the maids tickets for the Zoo and I rigs up the cupboard as she wants. 'I must 'ave reel proof,' she keeps on saying, over and over, ever so vindictive-like. Well, she couldn't say she didn't get it."

"How?" I asked.

"She'd forgotten she was a sleep-walker," he answered. And for a second his leather face relaxed.

ERIC.

Tree-Magic.

SOME dreamy folk there are who never tire

Of looking for strange faces in the fire,
Finding in the indulgence of their fancy

Material for the cult of pyromancy.

But faces in the fire soon disappear—
Faces in trees endure for many a year;
And in a Surrey garden that I know
The elm trees, standing in a solemn row,

Take shapes at night that easily o'erstep

In witchery the wildest flights of Ep.

Upon the left two angry profiles glare
At one another with ferocious stare:
One beetle-browed, with shaggy chin
and nape,

The other, with wide-open jaws agape,
Clawed from behind by a gigantic ape;
While bringing up the rear there looms
before us

A huge arboreal super-pleiosaurus,
Hump-backed, six-legged, with stealthy
crouching gait—

A perfect picture of resistless fate.

Let, then, devout pyrolaters explore
The secrets of the burning embers' core,

I find in all the range of Fancy's realm
Nothing to match the faces of the elm
Revealed upon a night in flaming June
Under the wizard mockery of the moon.

C. L. G.

"C. H. MIDDLETON
will give listeners some general advice on carrying on in the garden during the summer months, this evening at 6.50."

Wireless Paper.

What would Mr. Wardle say?

"Notts, the championship leaders, played as if they were tail-enders. Put out by Sussex for a poultry 74."—Cricket Report.

Mostly ducks of course.

"The Afrikaner is no fool.—I am, etc."
Letter to Scots Paper.

Well, he should know.



BREEDING.

More Indiscretions.

(From our Lobby Loiterer.)

SPEAKING at a secret picnic in Hampshire, to which, by accident, thirty-seven newspaper-men were invited, the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY to-day made an important pronouncement concerning the future of the coal-mines: "It is only my own private opinion," he said, "and I hope that no one will pay any attention to anything I say; but it seems obvious to me that the nationalization of the mines is the only logical course. After all, in my own Department we have His Majesty's Ships. Why not His Majesty's Mines?"

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is to present the prizes at the Birmingham Ironmongers' Orphans Institution on Tuesday, and is expected to outline confidentially certain private opinions concerning the future attitude of the Home Office to divorce and capital punishment.

The FOREIGN SECRETARY, speaking at Walsall during the week-end, uttered some strong opinions on the subject of Entertainment Tax: "What an imposition!" he said. "16—sometimes 20 per cent.—not on profits, but receipts—a special tax levied on a man who is producing Shakespeare *at a loss*! And this is the country so proud of providing free education! Is not this the March Hare of taxes? Speaking of course in an absolutely vague, provisional, reflective, personal and almost secret manner, I should like to tell the Press that in my view this tax must be abolished by the next Finance Bill."

Interviewed later, the FOREIGN SECRETARY said that he had not the smallest intention of embarrassing the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Indeed, he had shown a draft of his speech to the CHANCELLOR, who said that it was jolly good.

Questioned in Parliament, the CHANCELLOR admitted that he said the FOREIGN SECRETARY's speech was jolly good; but he laughed at the suggestion that it had any relation to the policy of the Government.

Sir Henry Fox, a Government Whip (unpaid) and Junior Lord of the Treasury, delighted the West London Darts Club last night with a suggestion that Ministers ought, like himself, to receive no salary. "I believe," he said, "that the time has come to call a halt in our expenditure; and I do think, academically, of course, philo-

sophically and quite irresponsibly, that the Cabinet should serve their country for nothing, as I do."

Asked whether these remarks constituted the considered policy of the Treasury, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER replied that in these days one never knew.

NEXT WEEK. At the Annual Swimming Gala at South Button, the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds will announce the Government policy towards the American Debt.

A. P. H.

In Touch with the Public.

A FIRE-STATION, late at night," Fotheringay read hoarsely with a wealth of expression, "the doors wide, and only a few ropes swinging in the brilliant emptiness within. The focus of interest has shifted, quickly and smoothly, round the corner, with a clanging of bells."

It was the last page of the manuscript. He flicked it over and slapped the somewhat dog-eared pack down on his knee. Then he tilted his hat over his eyes and looked round at the faces, not one of them more than three feet away, of his audience. They were all squashed together with him in his open, stationary car. The sun beat down. Langdale-Carruthers bent forward and switched on the radio, as he had been hankering to do for half-an-hour. A feminine voice crooned:

"Laif tu mee es miseree,
Lervng yu thu weh ai—du,"

before Fotheringay irritably sprang out of his seat and snapped it off.

"We can do without music," he said. Langdale-Carruthers ran a finger round the inside of his collar and looked offended. As nobody seemed to be going to make any comment on the reading, Fotheringay said:

"Well?"

There was another brief pause. Then the better-looking of the two girls, whose name was Germaine, and Langdale-Carruthers spoke together. Germaine said: "That isn't the end, is it? Don't say that's the end?" Langdale-Carruthers observed soberly: "I take it that would be about four to five thousand words. Allowing for the pauses."

"Certainly it's the end," said Fotheringay to Germaine. "There's no other possible end. It's perfect aesthetically."

"But what happens to everybody?"

"Everybody disappears, to quote a celebrated example," said Conrad in a drowsy tone, "into the luminous future. That's it, old boy, isn't it?"

Fotheringay said: "Well—"

"I," said Langdale-Carruthers to the other girl, whose name was Beatrice, "didn't get the impression that it was a story of the future. Did you?"

"There, there," said Beatrice absently.

Germaine sat forward with some difficulty and anxiously addressed Fotheringay: "But listen. What about when the girl was strangled on his doorstep and the house was blown up? Nothing happened?"

"He didn't give it a second thought," said Conrad, waving a hand.

Fotheringay said that his story was one that did not depend on these purely materialistic incidentals. "Oh, well, if you're going to get all highbrow—" began Langdale-Carruthers, and he bent forward to switch on the radio again; but Beatrice slapped his hand reprovingly and he sat back, baffled. Fotheringay went on, his eyes appearing to glaze a little:

"You ought to get out of this beastly habit of concentrating on physical events. Their importance is never anything but relative."

Conrad closed his eyes.

"Thought and character," said Fotheringay—"thought and character. Those are the essentials."

"And then earlier there was all that about her going to America," said Germaine. "Why did she?"

"Yes, by the way," said Langdale-Carruthers, "I meant to tell you. No one could have done it in the time. Only yesterday I was talking to a man I know in one of the steamship companies."

"That's pretty conclusive," said Conrad without opening his eyes. "And speaking of Surrealism, was he any relation?"

"Who to?"

"Smith," Beatrice said instantly.

"Nobody mentioned Smith," said Langdale-Carruthers with impatience. "That is, if you mean Henry."

"We mean Evacustes," said Beatrice. Langdale-Carruthers looked at her narrowly and began to smile. "Now you're laughing at me," he observed indulgently.

Fotheringay tilted his hat back, cleared his throat and said in a loud voice: "You all approach the story with the wrong attitude. The events are irrelevant."

Conrad said he had thought so all the time but didn't like to mention it. Langdale-Carruthers remembered suddenly, and announced in an involuntary bellow, the name of the man in the steamship company. Beatrice sneezed.

Disregarding all this, Fotheringay went on: "The function of the artist



Little Girl. "AND THIS IS JOHN, THE BABY. NO EARTHLY GOOD AT GAMES. DON'T THINK HE EVER WILL BE."

is to reveal character, not to think up events that hit the emotions with a bang. Events are beside the point unless they reveal character."

"Now you're getting highbrow again," said Langdale - Carruthers. "What I always look for is a rattling good yarn. Give me a rattling good yarn and I'm happy."

"Give him a rattling good yarn," Beatrice said to Conrad. Conrad said, "Coming o-vuh."

"But still," said Germaine, "I don't understand about her going to America. And anyway, who was she in love with after all?"

"Ah!" Fotheringay said eagerly.

"Now that was a carefully calculated effect. You got the impression of a problem?"

"You put it mildly," said Beatrice.

"That was the idea," Fotheringay said. "The problem. Obsessed by the difficulty of choice, she sublimated her mood of doubt by falling in love with the purser on a sea-voyage taken for no reason *except* its irrelevance. The focus of interest shifted—as from the symbolic fire-station. You see?"

"There," said Conrad to Langdale-Carruthers. "There's a yarn for you. Try and stop *that* one from rattling."

There was another pause, in which Langdale-Carruthers succeeded in

switching on the radio. Conrad closed his eyes again and murmured: "You should do this more often, old boy. All authors should do it. They're apt to get out of touch with their public."

Fotheringay grunted. R. M.

A Horrible Hiatus.

"At the astonishment by missing a putt of not short fourth Thomson caused a gasp of quite eighteen inches."—*Golf Report*.

"REMARKABLE GROWTH OF THE
AGA KHAN'S STUD."

News Headline.

Isn't it just that the button-hole has got smaller?

A Wet Test.

TAKING everything into consideration, it was not too bad a Test Match; but no one could call it a good one. The Indians, even although they passed England's first-innings score, were never a Test side; England, even although they won the match by ten wickets, did not play like a Test side. As for the things that we had to take into consideration, they were many, including rain, sodden turf, sawdust—there never can have been so much sawdust, which not only the bowlers fetched and scattered, but fieldsmen, batsmen, and at least one umpire—the patience and impatience of the onlookers, and—did I mention it?—rain. But rain, the capricious enemy of cricket, was our chief concern: the rain that merely had softened things on the Saturday; curtailed play on the Monday; and on the Tuesday delayed play till the afternoon, after a morning spent in inspections and doubt, doubt and inspections; still threatened; and then kept off just long enough for the Indians to be trounced. *L'eau*, the poor Indians! I confess that I should have wept no tears had they won, for they needed the stimulus.

First for the high spots, chief of which I should call AMAR SINGH's admirable bowling in England's first innings; ALLEN's successful bowling and captaincy in both the Indian innings; HINDLEKAR's imperturbable excellence (with a broken finger) both as batsman and wicket-keeper throughout the match; LEYLAND's mastery of the bowling in England's first innings; DUCKWORTH's wicket-keeping; HARDSTAFF's catch at long-leg; and GIMBLETT's Test Match contribution to our

second innings, enabling us to win by nine wickets, and incidentally containing four boundary-hits off the mountainous NISSAR in one over, and that the last. GIMBLETT, who was just beginning to enjoy himself, must have regretted that the game was finished; he might be scoring boundaries still.

Whether our selectors are now satisfied I cannot say, although, at

lack both the tact of calling and backing-up, and they have not learnt to hit the ball softly enough—to cover-point, say—to get a single. In these departments LEYLAND naturally shines and by contrast was made to shine still more.

But let us look at these Indians, from their monumental Captain, the Maharaj KUMAR OF VIZIANAGRAM, downwards. The Maharaj has a great quality as a captain, and that is that he never ceases to watch and mould the attack. The ball goes to him after every over. When, however, it comes to finding an anagram for his last name, I confess that I am beaten; and not only I but various learned friends with far more agile brains than mine. Perhaps the readers of *Punch* would like to try? VIZIANAGRAM.

A propos of the fact that there is no RANJI in the side, I must say that I was surprised to read in *The Times* the other day that at the All-India lunch at the House of Commons Mr. BALDWIN referred to that great batsman's cuffs as being "unbuttoned." But surely they were buttoned up? That, at any rate, is my memory, and I was interested on the Saturday to notice that the only All-Indian in the Test Match who also buttoned his rippling sleeves in this way was AMAR SINGH, who is also, like RANJI, lithe and supple, but a few inches taller, and who has some intimate, or even magical, custom of rubbing his body with the ball before each delivery.

The other crack bowler is the mighty MOHAMED NISSAR, behind whose terrific advance to the wicket are some eighteen stone of energy; while next to him come the Cambridge Blue, borrowed for the occasion, JEHangIR KHAN, who has the tireless accuracy



MOHAMED IN ACTION.

first, their faces did not look like it; but if they are not, AMAR SINGH is a chief cause, for he presented some of the most famous of the Old Country's proficients with bowling which they had no notion how to nullify or even to repel.

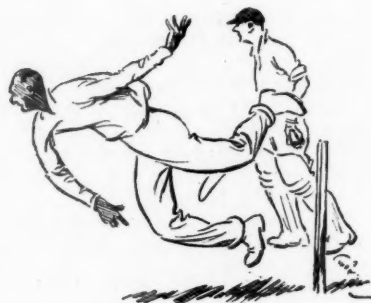


A PERFECT ACTION.
JEHangIR KHAN.

This was on the Saturday, which was indeed AMAR SINGH's day—and our own trustworthy MAURICE LEYLAND's. Incidentally I think it would not be a bad thing if LEYLAND could spare a few hours to instruct our opponents in running. As batsmen they seem to



THE LOOK-OUT MAN.
D. R. HINDLEKAR.



CURVES.
AMAR SINGH.

of a catapult, and Major C. K. NAYUDU, who is tall and graceful and full of cricket. Although not yet in his true

form with the bat, he bowls with his head and must be watched. V. M. MERCHANT has both defence and scoring strokes, and, as it turned out, his 35 on the first day of the match ensured the first-innings lead.

D. R. HINDLEKAR, who is perhaps the smallest of the side and would make probably only a third of a NISSAR, has a quiet stubbornness of his own, very annoying to bowlers, and he keeps wicket very well. Of the rest, P. E. PALIA is a shaggy left-hander and one of the few—LEYLAND being chief—who can hit to leg: the left-hander's prerogative; Lieut. SYED WAZIR ALI is of large proportions, all ready to hit the ball anywhere, and MUSHTAG ALI, tall and slim, has constant designs on the boundary. Last, because youngest, is Minor C. S. NAYUDU, as Major NAYUDU's junior brother has been called, one whose deceptive slows have to be watched too. The fact that MERCHANT has the only English name in the list reminds me of the remark of a well-known artist, who, when looking down the card, said that it

read to him like the AGA KHAN's entries for next year's Derby.

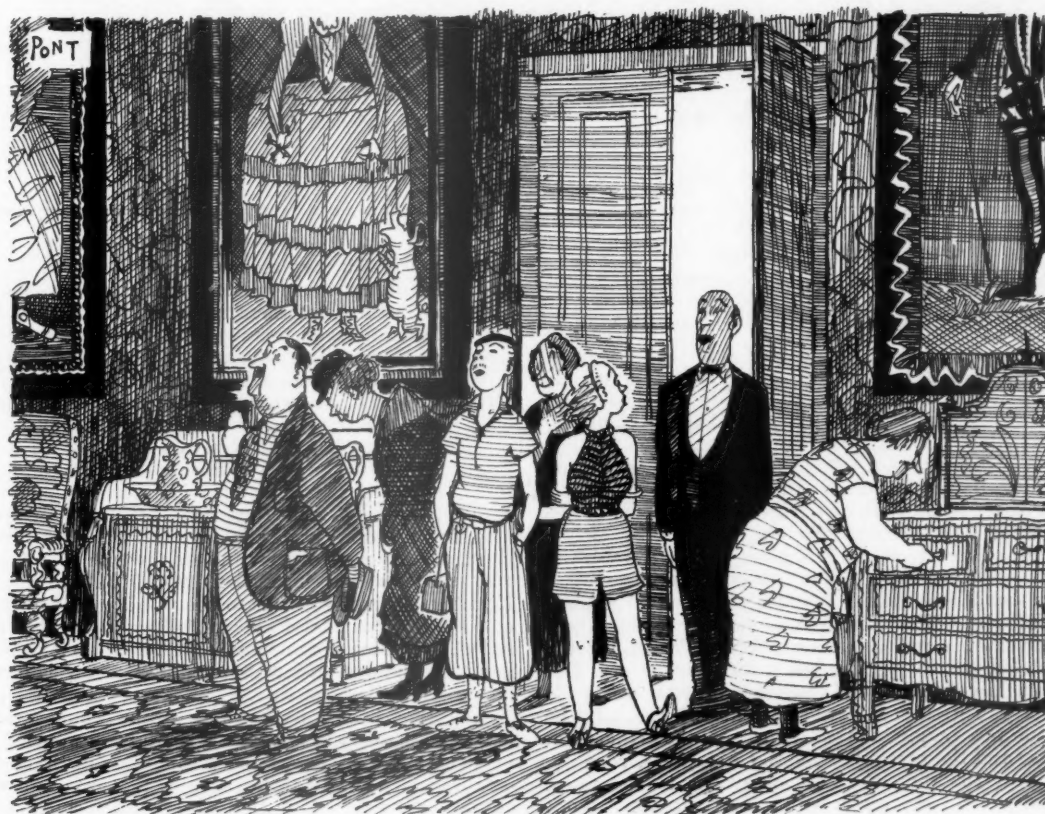
E. V. L.



THE BROTHERS NAYUDU.



INDIAN POLICY.
THE MAHARAJ KUMAR.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.
KEEN INTEREST IN HISTORIC HOUSES.



"BUT I AM FOND OF NATURE, HARRIET—IN ITS PLACE, OF COURSE."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Castlereagh—Restoration or Whitewash?

STUDENTS of late Georgian history—and of subsequent social and political repercussions—owe a debt of gratitude to Sir J. A. R. MARRIOTT, whose study of the political career of *Castlereagh* (METHUEN, 15/-) fills a notable gap. Entirely self-centred, but with English world-interests as his circumference, CASTLEREAGH sank lowest in fame during the century following his death, when democracy at home, and respect for small nations abroad, made shreds of the reputation of a statesman who set no store by either. Present-day interest in a European Concert naturally reverts to the Quadruple Alliance and its prime mover, and both have been admirably dealt with by Professor C. K. WEBSTER. The present book, covering the whole of CASTLEREAGH's political career, has no room for the livelier detail of its predecessor's two volumes. But it has pluckily tackled the earlier and less creditable years, and you gather that the coercion of Ireland, the hanging of the Luddites, the failure of the Walcheren Expedition and the passing of the Six Acts were, roughly, the result of confiding the best intentions to the worst subordinates. On the other hand, CASTLEREAGH's work at the India Office receives, as it should, added elucidation and lustre.

Wisdom of the Desert.

At first sight it may seem a far cry from the Jongleurs, and other disreputable wandering scholars of the West, to Egyptian monks: but there is common to both a kind of dry and sometimes distressing humour, begotten of starvation, and Miss HELEN WADDELL's *The Desert Fathers* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) expounds the lore of the desert in most attractive guise, and tells some stories of Alexandrian courtesans, of very great interest to those who have been attracted or repelled, but always fascinated, by ANATOLE FRANCE's *Thaïs*. It is strange that Miss WADDELL should have translated these from a Latin version published early in the seventeenth century, neglecting entirely the modern work done upon them by BUDGE, DOM CUTHBERT BUTLER and many others, and this is probably the reason why she has laid insufficient stress on the essentially Egyptian character—even to the wording and grammar—of "The Sayings of the Fathers." Here is one that is truly full of sanctified commonsense: "A monk met the handmaids of God upon a certain road, and at the sight of them he turned out of the way. And the Abbess said to him, 'Hadst thou been a perfect monk thou wouldst not have looked so close as to perceive that we were women.'" Life in the Egyptian desert between the fourth and sixth centuries is so remote from anything that we can nowadays admire or even imagine that these stories come strangely to us, and occasionally distastefully; but their philosophy may sometimes wring from us a wry smile.

Three Balls and a Juggler.

Original in conception, brilliant in handling, *All Star Cast* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) is a *tour de force* if not exactly a novel. Yet those who, like myself, expect something unusually well-meditated from Miss NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH will perhaps regret the more traditional methods of *Jake*. For here we have an account of the *première* of a murder-play, a tragedy culminating in a plea for capital punishment—the actual murderer of the piece gradually becoming convinced, by the arguments of two other suspected characters, that hanging cancels murder. This primitive superstition (with its inevitable concomitant, the uneasy *manes* of the victim) provides a thunderously-acclaimed “curtain” for a performance comprehensively described. You hear the first cackle of the critics in the lobby, the cynical verdict of their pompous *doyen* giving the show three weeks to run. All Miss ROYDE-SMITH's ability does not succeed in kindling any particular sympathy for her audience, her actors or her *dramatis personæ*. What she does arouse is a fascinated respect for the clarity of mind and method which can keep all three sections simultaneously alert and reproduce with extraordinary verisimilitude the physical and intellectual atmosphere of a first-night.

News Out of Spain.

I am not quite sure whether I feel a touch of disappointment with Mr. A. E. W. MASON's *Fire Over England* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). Not that it falls short of what we expect from him in the way of excitement presented with rare skill and charm—it does not—but because it partially destroys the romantic story, learned in the nursery and cherished ever since, of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. I have long liked to think of DRAKE leaving the bowling-green at Plymouth Hoe, putting to sea with a fleet virtually unprepared, and smiting the Spaniard by the mere impetus of British grit. But Mr. MASON shows that Sir FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM's agents—I hesitate to use the word “spies”—were getting him news which told him exactly the equipment and man-power of every Spanish ship, and that our preparations were by no means inadequate. One cannot be disillusioned in this way without a faint sense of regret, but I confess that I have seldom been disillusioned with quite so much irresistible allurements.

Toscanini.

The dethronement of the *prima donna* by the operatic conductor has never been more conspicuously illustrated than by the world-wide fame achieved by TOSCANINI. And it is all the more remarkable because he is destitute of the arts of publicity-mongering. His private life is that of a



TRUTH IN ADVERTISING.

recluse. He does not write or make speeches. He shared MUSSOLINI's early political views, but is not a Fascist or an anti-Semite. His whole life has been devoted to the service of his art. His outlook is eclectic and cosmopolitan. He is equally at home with VERDI, PUCCINI, MOZART and WAGNER, and he is the only foreign conductor ever invited to conduct at Bayreuth. The best thing in this slim volume is the Foreword in which STEFAN ZWEIF describes TOSCANINI's intensive preliminary study of scores and his long battles with his orchestras—beginning with persuasion and often lapsing into fiery invective and abuse. But he gets what he wants. Above all he is not a subjective interpreter, but chiefly concerned with penetrating into the soul of the composer. *Arturo Toscanini*, by PAUL STEFAN, with a Foreword by STEFAN ZWEIF (HEINEMANN, 7/6), is a panegyric that occasionally borders on apotheosis in its insistence

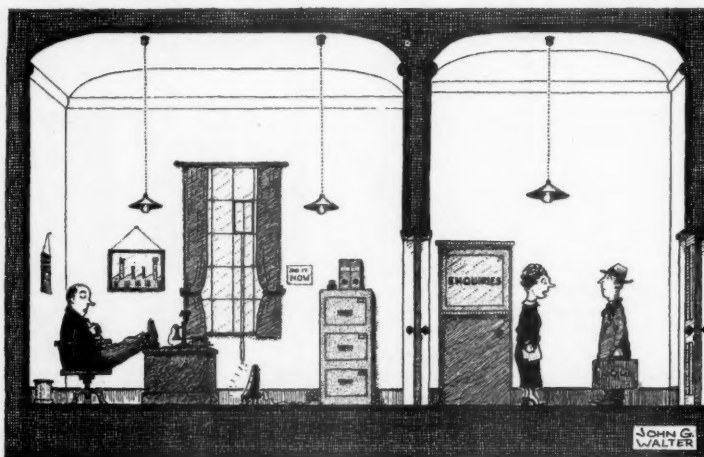
on the miraculous endowments of its hero. But it is largely justified by the record of an astonishing career, and is admirably illustrated by a number of photographs of TOSCANINI at the conductor's desk.

Another "Modern" Novel.

There is a slickness about Miss ROSAMUND LEHMANN'S novel, *The Weather in the Streets* (COLLINS, 8/-); there is also, in places, an exasperating vagueness which is expressed in the title (it conveys nothing to me) and in certain meandering thoughts of the heroine—"Do I exist? Where is my place? What is this travesty I am fixed in? How do I get out? Is this after all what I was always going to be?" *Olivia*, who sometimes thinks like this, was born in one world—in a comfortable country section of it—and trespasses into another that is more intellectual and difficult. She falls in love with a married man, takes steps to get rid of an unwanted child, goes to artistic parties and for unofficial week-ends, is happy, unhappy and then semi-content. *Olivia* irritates me, and so does her creator, who seems to show an almost old-fashioned determination to shock. All the same her book is clever and it is interesting, and she has worked out an effective technique of dialogue in which the thoughts follow the words of the speaker in a terse and unobtrusive way. But I wish Miss LEHMANN, who can write so beautifully about beautiful things, would not bother to write so badly about ugly ones.

Fairy Tales for Older Folks.

Nobody would expect fairy-tales to be difficult reading, full of reflections on the fate of mankind—strange, oblique reflections, caught in magic mirrors round dim corners, but troubling for all that—unless they had been written by NAOMI MITCHISON. She, we know, has the power of evoking that chill, strange, rather cruel fairyland that is fashionable to-day, and sometimes, in the stories in *The Fourth Pig* (CONSTABLE, 7/6), she uses it, as in the little play, "Kate Crackernuts," merely as a factor in her plot, and sometimes, as in "Mirk, Mirk Night" or "Hänsel and Gretel," as an opportunity for making her readers think, furiously or otherwise, of the affairs of the real world. "The Little Mermaid" is simply HANS ANDERSEN'S story retold, and well retold, by Mrs. MITCHISON from the point of view of a watching mermaid; "The Fourth Pig" is the young brother of those whom Mr. DISNEY has made famous—a piggy with whom the fear that One and Two laughed at and Three tried to overcome, has proved overwhelming. The volume is not confined to prose stories; there are many poems too, and altogether it is a fine mixed collection with, as might be expected from an author so ingenious and versatile, many patches of beauty and of vivid imagination and some, it seemed to me, of quite unnecessary obscurity.



"I'M VERY SORRY, BUT YOU CAN'T SEE MR. BASKERVILLE, HE ALWAYS DEDICATES THE EARLY AFTERNOON TO CREATIVE THINKING."

Youth of Yesterday.

A schoolboy of seventeen who joins the R.F.C. and goes through four years of air (not aerodrome) warfare would perhaps be unpopular to-day, but I must say that I have thoroughly enjoyed reading *Sagittarius Rising* (PETER DAVIES, 8/6), by ex-Flight-Commander CECIL LEWIS. The book is occasionally frank but never crude; the thoughts and impressions of a fighting pilot are recorded by an expert who never boasts of himself to the reader. Is he a pacifist? I will quote—"To-day all treaties, conventions, leagues, all words of honour, contracts, obligations are evidently worth nothing once the lust for power has infected a nation." This in reference to the sight from above of a yellow cloud of gas drifting over No Man's Land. And again, in reference to air-raids of to-day he points out that gas-bombers will reach their objective however many defending aircraft there may be. "Wire-netting would not keep flies out." The story of his civilian-instructor job in Peking after the War makes a comic anti-climax, although the teaching of hopelessly incompetent Chinese pupils in the air would have driven most people to a mental home. A very readable and thrilling book, with good philosophy in its fuselage.

The Perils of Publicity.

On the jacket of *Was Murder Done?* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 7/6) we are told that readers of Mr. SYDNEY FOWLER'S story "cannot fail to sympathise with *Alfred Cuthbertson* in the predicament into which he was placed," but my failure to feel sympathy for him is nevertheless complete.

A writer of sensational fiction, he, like any other author, wished to increase his sales; but the method by which he hoped to achieve this end was, to put it mildly, unpraiseworthy. A scene was staged in which he apparently pushed his cousin over a cliff, and publicity was to be gained by the temporary disappearance of the victim. Then the fake became unpleasantly like a fact. The police stepped in, and *Cuthbertson* had ample reason and time to repent in prison. Mr. FOWLER is an experienced novelist and his handling of a rather forbidding theme is deft enough. Moreover his tale may be taken as a warning against the danger of engineering outrageous stunts. But to feel sorry for *Cuthbertson* is a leap beyond my mental capacity.

"Mr. Woollen served through the Boar War."

Yorks Paper.

Presumably casting purls before swine.

"No royalty is payable, and gold produced is to be delivered to the National Bank of Yugoslavia, which will buy it at current rates, paying 35 per cent. in sterling and 65 per cent. in free dinars."

Daily Paper.

Drinks will not, we understand, be included.